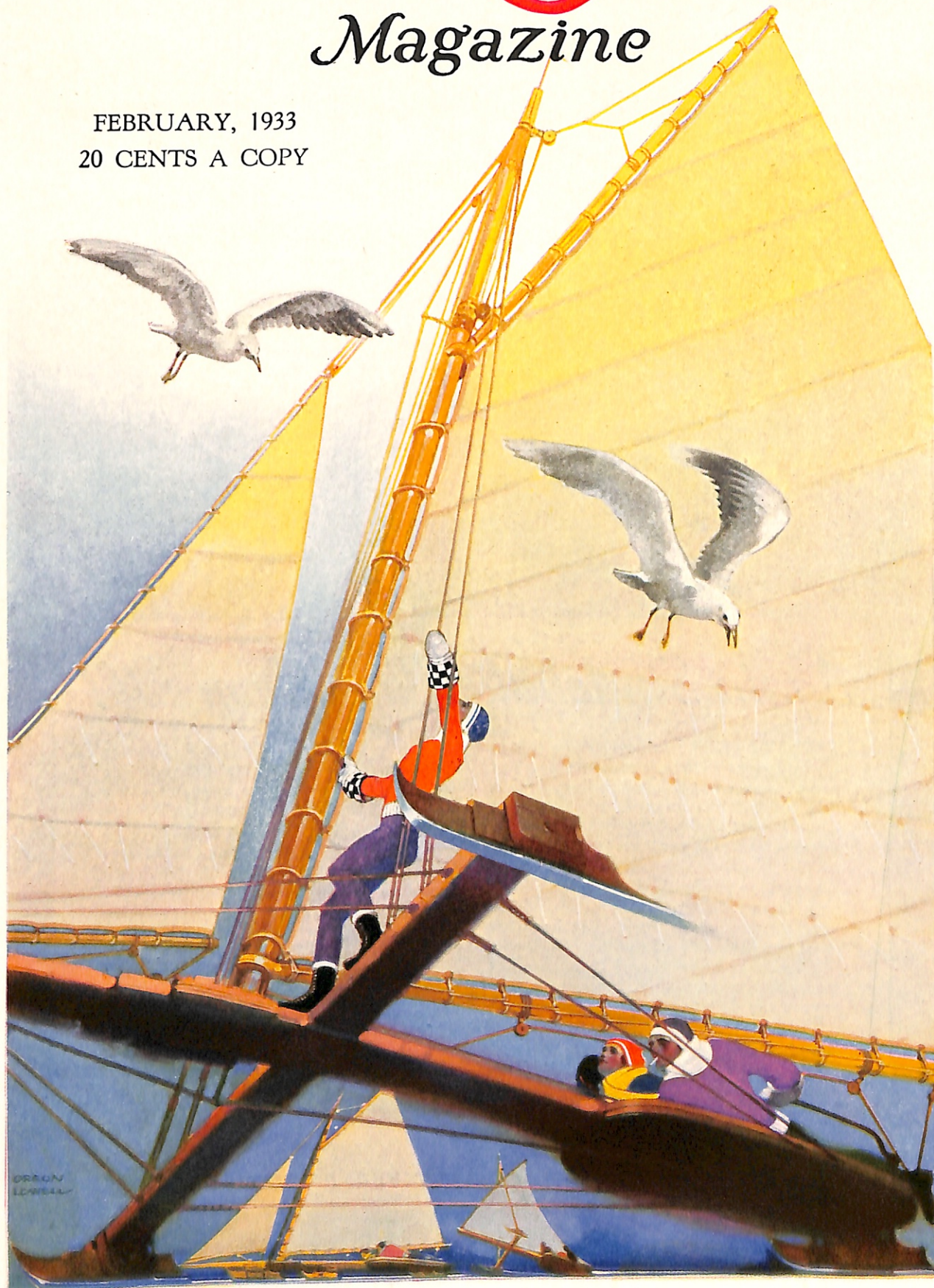


# The Elks

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


## Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1933  
20 CENTS A COPY



Charles Brackett — Courtney Ryley Cooper — William F. Sturm





# 100 HORSEPOWER STUDEBAKER Commander \$1000

AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY

## *Again Studebaker Tops Them All!*

STUDEBAKER has never done things by halves throughout its 81 years of pre-eminence in vehicle building. And in this impressive, new 100-horsepower Commander Eight, Studebaker is offering you 1933's biggest measure of motor car value!

Search as you will, you won't find the new Commander's equal at anywhere near its sensational price. It has that most marvelous of all the new engineering innovations—*Power Brakes*—that bring the car smoothly, surely to a stop at your toe tip's touch.

It's luxuriously roomy—richly upholstered. It has new, low-swung Air Curve lines that give it incomparable style, safety and steadiness.

You won't know what has really been done in motor car improvements until

you see all the new Studebakers—not only the sensational new 100-horsepower Commander, but the two new President Eights and the startling new Six.

They're all equipped with *Power Brakes*—all 54 of Studebaker's betterments for 1933, including Studebaker's own Auto-thermic Control of Carburetion and Manifolding, which eliminates all manual adjustments of the choke.

Even if you're not yet ready to buy, come in and take out a new Studebaker for a trial drive today.

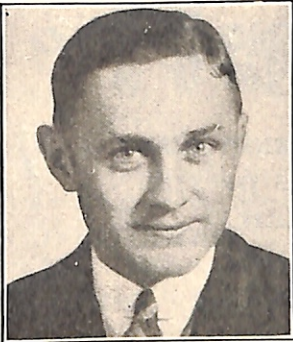
THE STUDEBAKER SIX . . .	\$ 840 to \$1120
THE COMMANDER . . . . .	1000 to 1300
THE PRESIDENT . . . . .	1325 to 1650
THE SPEEDWAY PRESIDENT .	1625 to 2040

*Prices f. o. b. factory*

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# LAST YEAR'S PAY Looks Like Small Change To These Men Today!



**Five Times As Much Money!**

"Had I not enrolled, no doubt I would still be earning about an average wage, with no future. As it is, my earnings are about 100% more than they were at the time I enrolled."—A. C. WALLAHAN, Rapid City, S. Dakota.



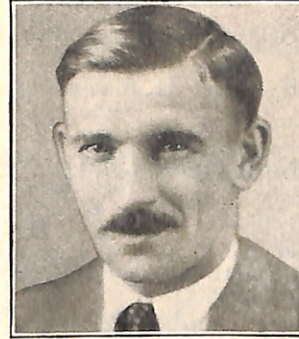
**From \$150 to \$1,000 a Month!**

"I took the N. S. T. A. Course and found it of great value to me. I was originally a teacher at \$150 a month. For the last year... while I have not worked all the time, I made better than \$1,000 per month during the time that I worked."—A. S. ANDERSON, Box 222, Webster Springs, W. Va.



**700% Increased Earnings!**

"Through this training I was enabled to increase my earnings more than seven times. It makes the hard sales easier to land. I want to assure you of my hearty endorsement at all times."—A. A. FIDLER, 221 Plum St., Montgomery, Alabama.



**\$900 a Month!**

"Before I enrolled I thought \$50 a week was big money, but since I have had the thorough training I needed, I have enjoyed an income of better than \$900 a month and I have made as high as \$1,500 in commissions."—L. VAN HOUTEN, 860 Bates St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Here Are Four Men Who Were Formerly Caught In The Hopeless Treadmill of Low Pay Jobs! Today Every One Of Them Reports Earning From \$5,000 up to \$10,000 a Year. Right Now The Same Opportunity That Changed Their Lives so Completely Is Open to YOU! Don't Fail to Read Every Word Of This Vital Message!**

## **Raised Their Pay 500% When They Discovered Salesmanship**

**T**HINK what a 500% increase in salary actually amounts to—in terms of dollars and cents. Take your own salary for example. Multiply it by 5. Figure every hundred dollars you make as if it were five hundred dollars! Think what you could do with it—and you'll realize how amazingly these four men have prospered in so short a time.

Every one of them pictured here has known the seamy side of life. They were not always "on top"—and have not always made \$5,000—\$7,500—and \$10,000 salaries. Nor have they always enjoyed the freedom and independence they possess today. One was a store clerk; one was a school teacher; a third was unsuccessfully trying to sell; the fourth had a petty routine job—and \$50 a week was the biggest salary of the lot! They were simply ordinary fellows—with ambition and very little more. But that was yesterday!

### **The First Step Up The Ladder**

Men with REAL—not bogus—ambition usually find a way to go up the ladder and get what they want. These men did. And all of them chose SALESMANSHIP because they realized that it offers bigger re-

wards—and delivers them quicker than any other profession under the sun!

One or two of these men hesitated a while because of the foolish superstition that salesmen have to be born with some mysterious gift—but in the end they all cast their lots with the National Salesmen's Training Association—with astonishing and gratifying results!

### **Easy As A-B-C**

The experience of Mr. Van Houten, for instance, who went from \$50 a week before he enrolled to over \$900 a month after N. S. T. A. training—and the experience of the other men shown on this page are typical. Together with hundreds like them, they prove that any man of average intelligence can quickly become a Master Salesman and enjoy the big earnings and advantages that go with it.

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the National Demonstration Method, an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.

### **Becomes Sales Manager; Raised \$200 a Month!**

George Wilson, of Detroit, Michigan was working for \$40 a week when he enrolled. Today he is making \$360 a month and expenses, as sales manager for his firm.

### **Earns as Much Every Hour As He Once Made in a Day!**

That's the record of A. A. Basley, of Oakland, N. J. He was struggling to make ends meet when he enrolled for N. S. T. A. training; but not long ago he told us that now, having completed his course, he was able to make as much in an hour as he used to make in a day!

### **A 300% Increase**

From \$75 a month to \$300 and more per month—that's the jump M. B. Scholes of San Jose, Calif., made through N. S. T. A. Credits N. S. T. A. training with his success, and N. S. T. A. Employment Department for his present big pay job.

### **Worth \$5,000 to Him**

"I wouldn't take \$5,000 for what you've done for me," wrote C. B. Sterling, of Carmen, Ky. "Your training has actually increased my income over 900%." Shortly after enrolling, he led the sales force of his company.

### **ARE UNNOTICED MISTAKES COSTING YOU GOOD SALES?**

How often have you had what looked like a sure-fire sale vanish into thin air—because of something you couldn't account for? How often have you known that "that fat order" was lost because of some error which you couldn't identify and lay your hands on?

Now, without cost, we are giving away one of the most interesting little pocket editions you ever read—"Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling." Not only does it explain to you some of those important little errors which too often knock out perfectly good sales, but it shows how many times you can dodge them. This is FREE. Get it, without cost, when you send for your copy of "The Key To Master Salesmanship."

## **REMARKABLE BOOK FREE**

Right now—we are offering to send you a copy of a remarkable book—building volume called "Modern Salesmanship"—absolutely Free! It contains hundreds of little-known and surprising facts about salesmanship; blasts dozens of old theories; and outlines a simple plan that will enable most any man to realize his ambition to earn bigger pay—whatever his present job may be. Clip the coupon now. No obligation. Mail it today!



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Dept. B-475 N.S.T.A. Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

National Salesmen's Training Association,  
Dept. B-475, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Name .....

Address .....

City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....





## Something About This Number

SOME time late this month, or early in March, a slender, soft-spoken man driving a four-ton, 2,500 horsepower automobile will attempt to break his own world's record land-speed of 253.96 miles an hour. At an expense of thousands of dollars and at the very considerable risk of his life this inspired sportsman will hurl his 26-foot Blue-bird over the measured mile at Daytona Beach, Fla., in his life-long campaign for speed, and still more speed.

Will Sir Malcolm Campbell be the first man to travel on wheels at 300 miles an hour, five miles a minute? Maybe not at this attempt, says William F. Sturm, but, he believes, given time and a place, nothing will keep Sir Malcolm from it. In "His Hobby is Speed," beginning on page 9, you will find set forth the early achievements and something of the character of this indomitable man who, once each year, leaves a large and prosperous business to answer some tremendous demand within his own nature, a demand that is to be satisfied only with the accomplishment of greater and greater speed.

May his luck be good!

WE pat our criminals on the back by giving them the idea that we have never known their like before. Perhaps we do so from ignorance, for there is really nothing unique about them, says Edgar Sisson in "The Napoleon of Forgers." To prove it, Mr. Sisson tells the tale of "Colonel" Monroe Edwards, one of the most gaudy and adroit scoundrels of the first half of the last century, and then parallels it with the adventures of Charles Dryden, who raided the bank account of a successful and respectable business to the tune of some \$150,000, in 1926. The feats of both were sensational and, for a time, successful, but both were taken, as the result of minor slips, when they believed they had thrown off pursuit. This, the last of Mr. Sisson's highly popular retellings of famous man-hunts, is one of the most interesting of the series. Those readers who have enjoyed these accounts will be glad to learn that Mr. Sisson has written another series, this time dealing with famous spies. The first will appear in an early issue.

THE evil genius which dogs the trail of the traveling circus of Courtney Ryley Cooper's "The Show Goes On" again displays its activities in a murderous though unseen attack upon Bob Calvert. With this manifestation of the deadly seriousness of the attempts upon the show's existence, the mystery behind them becomes more sinister, more baffling and terrifying. The instalment in this issue is the second of a serial by an author who, for the ten years of the existence of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, has been one of its most popular contributors. If you missed the opening chapters, we suggest that you look up your January copy and start at once to follow the fortunes of this gallant little road show in its struggle for success.

Joseph T. Fanning  
Editor and Executive Director

Charles S. Hart  
Business Manager

Bruce McClure  
Managing Editor



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Published Under the  
Direction of the Grand  
Lodge by the National  
Memorial and Publi-  
cation Commission

## The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND  
PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Cover Design by Orson Lowell

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity;  
to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken  
the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . ."

—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

The Elks Magazine, Volume 11, No. 9, February, 1933. Published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A., Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, at address above. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by return postage. They will be handled with care, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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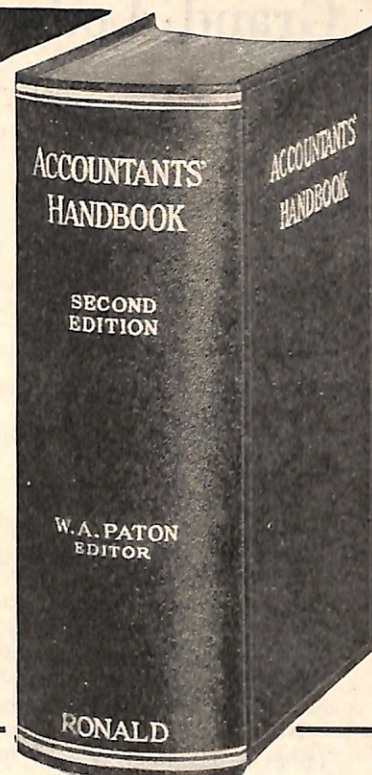
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## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting, and forwarded to the Secretary of the

Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications.

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address A. Charles Stewart, Home Member Board of Grand Trustees, Frostburg, Md., No. 470, 7 West Union Street.



Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**  
*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*



*of the United States of America*



Official Circular Number Six

*Elks National Memorial  
Headquarters Building,  
2750 Lake View Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill., January 15, 1933*

*To the Officers and Members of the  
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:*

**M**Y BROTHERS:

The Order of Elks has successfully met the test of these troublous times. It has responded generously to call for aid. It has relieved human suffering, aided the unfortunate and spread good cheer among our people. It rejoices in the privilege of rendering service. It accepts the challenge of the New Year and moves forward with confidence in its own future and in the greatness of our country.

*The Birthday of Our Order*

February 16, 1868, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America was born. I urge every Lodge to observe its sixty-fifth birthday anniversary on the meeting night nearest February 16. Combine the party with Past Exalted Rulers' Night and have two qualified Brothers prepare to address the Lodge—one on the history and accomplishments of the Order, and the other on the history and accomplishments of your Lodge. Insist that the speakers prepare manuscript so that advance copy can be furnished your newspapers. I shall appreciate a copy of each address for my files. This occasion affords a real opportunity to get your members together and give them information which will increase their pride in their membership in the Order. I am counting on your Lodge to do its part in making this a great nationwide birthday party.

*Fraternal Contact Committee*

In the past sixty-five years we have initiated 1,800,000 men into Elksdom. Of these 400,000 have died and 700,000 are now on the rolls of our 1,400 Lodges. Why have 700,000 Elks become unaffiliated? Various reasons might be assigned, but the principal reason is lack of proper leadership. Men of affairs will not continue membership in a Lodge that does not furnish a program of worth-while activities, and such a program can not be carried out unless the members will support it. The reports of my District Deputies show an alarming lack of interest on the part of the general membership. The attendance at Lodge meetings must be stimulated. I urge the adoption of a diversified program of activities that will appeal to the different groups of your members, and the appointment of a Fraternal Contact Committee that will personally invite the members to attend Lodge. The jurisdiction of the Lodge should be divided into districts containing not more than twenty-five members each, and a member of the Committee should be made responsible for the attendance of the members from his district. If each Committeeman will contact those for whom he is responsible, either personally or by telephone, at least once each month, your attendance problem will be solved. The Chairman, or in the larger Lodges his assistants, should personally contact the Committeemen before each Lodge session and insist that not less than ten members be invited from each district to attend that session of Lodge. Try out your Loyal Knight as Chairman and let him prove that he is entitled to advancement at the next election.

*Selection of Officers of the Lodge*

Nominations for the various subordinate Lodge officers must be made in February, and the election must be held at the first meeting in March. Too much emphasis can not be placed upon the selection of the best available members of the Lodge for your officers. These are times that demand sacrificial service from the men selected to lead, and I appeal to the membership to act firmly and wisely this year in the selection of their leaders. Rotation in office has brought many Brothers to the station of Exalted Ruler who were wholly unqualified to lead the Lodge efficiently. Many Lodges have suffered seriously by recognizing the false claims of a subordinate officer to a right to advancement. Only officers of proven worth and ability are entitled to further honors from the Lodge.

*The Privileges of the Club*

Only members in good standing in a Lodge are entitled to the privileges of the club of that Lodge. Visiting members may be granted the privileges of the club as a courtesy or they may be required to pay a fee where the use is extended. Members who are in arrears should be barred from the club as well as the Lodge room. If they can pay, but will not, they are entitled to no consideration. If a Brother is unable to pay dues because of conditions over which he has no control, the Lodge should give him a paid-up card for the current period so that he may have the comfort of Elk comradeship at the time when he needs it most. Great care must be exercised in extending this brotherly aid and members making false claims for aid should be promptly expelled from the Order. Let us deal with each case in the true Elk spirit—generously where the Brother is worthy, and vigorously where an impostor is masquerading as an Elk.

*Additions to Our Membership:*

Our first duty is to keep the members we now have. But there are in every community men who are true Elks in spirit, who are not affiliated with our Order. These men should be enlisted in the great work our Order is doing and I appeal to every Brother to help add these worthy citizens to our rolls. In some of the States our membership is too small to render efficient service. As will be seen by a study of a table appearing on page 29 of this issue of our Magazine, our membership ranges from thirty-one Elks to each thousand persons in Nevada down to one Elk to each two thousand persons in Alabama. But I am not interested in increasing the number of Elks in any State unless I can at the same time keep the quality of our membership high. I want membership in our Order to be a privilege and a mark of good citizenship. I am not interested in belonging to a crowd of men who have neither purpose nor ambition. I want Elksdom to include in its membership that part of the eligible population in every city which leads in movements for community betterment. We can attain this ambition if we will. I am counting on your help.

My Brothers, I am proud of the fight you are making. Under intelligent and enlightened leadership, the Elk spirit will win.

Confidently yours,

*Howard E. Thompson*  
Grand Exalted Ruler.





"Isn't it about time that you got over this stage-struck phase, Sally?" he inquired

# Runaround

By Charles Brackett

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

"IS THAT the masculine equivalent of a rolling-pin that I see in your soft, brown eyes?" Sally Ainsworth asked Ken Cameron, panting a little from her climb up the long stairs to their little, hot apartment.

It was one o'clock and Ken had stopped writing at eleven-thirty because he was at the end of a chapter, and thought that Sally would get back from the play at any minute.

Ken hated to waste time, and in the hour and a half he had been moved to rehearse several things which should be said to Sally about their mode of life, but at the sight of her odd, charming little face he decided, as usual, not to say them.

"Was Cy unmanageable?" he asked. Cy Webb was the old friend who'd taken her to the theatre, and other people sometimes found Cy a problem.

"No," Sally replied, "Cy was sober, for a wonder, and in a chastened mood. He's got a job, but it seems more like a judgment on him. Where do you think it is? In New Stratford."

New Stratford was Broadway's synonym for a hick town, and Cy Webb was Broadway incarnate.

*Copyright, 1933, by Charles Brackett*

"What kind of a job?" Ken asked.

"On a newspaper. Somebody gave him a letter to a Colonel Geiger, who owns the New Stratford Star; it had a lot of praise for Colonel Geiger's services to his city in it, so Cy was hired. He says they're going to let him review road shows that stop there on their way to town. The way he clung to that fact was awfully touching."

"I had a chapter I wanted to read to you," Ken said, "but it's too late now."

"Cy isn't the only one who's got a job," Sally went on. "The reason I was so long is that Ernest Schwab was at the theatre. He took us to supper and he wants me to go to Toledo this summer to play in his stock company there."

Her eyes positively gleamed with excitement as she made the announcement.

"You told him it was impossible, of course," Ken said, for Sally knew how glad he had been when "The House of Fear," in which she'd played a trivial part for almost two years, ended its run.

"I think it might be a good thing for me, right now," Sally answered, taking off her hat, and smoothing her dark hair with a thin hand.

"I'll bet you do after Ernest has put in a glib evening of selling talk."

"One consideration that tempts me is that they're going to try out a new play by Martin Jewett. Mr. Jewett himself suggested that they get me."

In his mood it offended Ken that a person they didn't know should be able to put in a bid for his wife's services as though they were a commodity on the produce exchange.

"If it's like the anemic stuff Jewett squeezes out for the magazines, I should think that would be an easy temptation to resist," he said.

"I wonder why it is," Sally remarked lightly, "that you authors are as jealous of each other as a lot of old chorus girls."

"I'm not jealous. I think Jewett has got away with murder. I think he's sold his penny loaf for a dollar and a half, but I'm certainly not jealous."

"Well, they say this play is perfectly lovely."

"Who says it? Ernest, who's trying to get you to Toledo at bargain rates?"

"Why shouldn't I go for bargain rates? You know I'm not likely to get a job here."



"Don't you ever think of anything but that?" Ken asked.

"I shouldn't think you'd find it so remarkable that a person should give some thought to her job."

There was annoyance, if not accusation, in Sally's voice. Suddenly it became necessary for Ken to express some of the conclusions he'd worked out in his own mind.

"Isn't it about time that you got over this stage-struck phase, Sally?" he inquired.

"Is that the way you describe my ambitions now?" Sally asked in return.

"I'm afraid it is, sweetheart. Why not just admit that you're never going to be able to bat in the big leagues and quit altogether?"

"You married me knowing that I was going to keep on with my work."

**T**HERE was something in Sally's quiet tone which made Ken wish he hadn't embarked on the subject, but he had to continue now.

"I thought then," he stated, "that it was going to amount to an awful lot. The way things are breaking now the best you can hope for is to turn into a competent character woman. Is it worth while sacrificing our home and my work for that?"

"Your work!" Sally cried. "Do you think that to hang around and sharpen pencils for you, and make coffee when your inspiration flags, and admire what you've done is enough to fill my life?"

"Your theatrical career certainly isn't going to crowd it," Ken flung back. "I wouldn't say a word if I saw any possibility that you'd succeed in a big way. The truth of the matter is that you light up badly."

"I never expected to turn into a pretty-pretty."

With that inconclusive sentence Sally went to the clothes press and started to get something down from the shelf.

"What are you reaching for?" Ken asked her.

"My suitcase. I'll pack and go to a hotel tonight. Ernest said the sooner I could get to Toledo the better. I'll start tomorrow."

"Why fly off the handle like that, Sally? What have I said that's hurt you so? I said you lit up badly. What of it? I think you're beautiful."

"The hair of her head is an unpleasant red," Sally quoted, in an appalling voice, "but she is the Venus de Milo to me. It isn't that."

"What is it then?"

"When you told me what you thought about my work you cut the bottom out from everything. It's as though I'd learned you hated a child of mine."

"I love you, Sally. What does it matter about your work?"

"Nothing to you, apparently. To me the fact that we both had our work and helped each other justified our marriage. With that justification gone, the marriage is over. Perhaps you'll want a divorce. I don't know what the divorce law is in Ohio."

"Sally, you'll think better of this in fifteen minutes."

"The human heart is an open book to you, isn't it, Ken? I'll tell you why you don't write as well as Martin Jewett, and

you don't. It's because you live in a glass paper container of perfection. You don't know anything about the pangs of existence. That's why you can stand like one of your Scotch Presbyterian ancestors dealing out Holy Truths. 'You light up badly.' 'You'll never amount to a row of pins.'"

"I never said that."

"Would you mind walking around the block while I pack?"

"Of course you mustn't leave the apartment. If anyone goes I will."

"Then do, please, Ken. You can have it after breakfast tomorrow."

Going down the stairs Ken wanted to turn back and remind Sally that she'd always made allowances for the sullen streaks he got into when he was working. He hated them as much as she could, but it wasn't surprising that he'd said nasty things when he didn't meet with her usual tolerance. A teapot tempest like that never had any important results, however, and before he reached the hotel he laughed aloud to think how angry they'd both grown.

Next morning he came with pink roses, because Sally claimed that pink roses were the flag of truce of the American husband, but Sally and her personal belongings were gone.

While he still held the roses in his hand the telephone rang.

"I'm at the station," Sally announced, and told him where to forward her mail, and when Delia would next appear to clean the apartment.

"Sally," Ken said, "in what part of the station and what station? I'll be there right away."

"No, Ken, don't come and don't write me any letters."

"But that's absurd. I'm terribly sorry—"

"It won't do any good to crawl. You know how I hate people who crawl. I understood you perfectly last night. If anyone crawls now it will have to be I, and I won't. Go on with your work. Since you think it's enough for both of us, it should be enough for you."

In the next few months, when he was at the very bottom of despair, Ken almost



"Now hand me over your suspenders. I don't want you to make too good time back to town"



believed that she'd put a spell on him consciously with those words. In any case his book stopped short with the chapter he'd been waiting to read her. He was able to go on with his routine, publishing house job, but it was as though Sally had contributed something to the atmosphere which enabled his creative instinct to flower. That having withered he found himself in a desert of spare time, so he subscribed to a course in Business Administration, a subject for which he had neither taste nor aptitude. His ancestors, in bleak rooms at the edge of Scottish moors, must have wrestled with the devil in much the same spirit he applied to its precepts.

AT first he retained a hope that time would prove that he had been right. If Sally flopped woefully in Toledo there was just a chance that she would crawl.

Two months after their quarrel, however, *Variety* informed him that the performance of Sally Ainsworth (hitherto unknown legit actress) had been so successful in *Brief Respite*, by Martin Jewett, that the play was to move onto Broadway by easy stages.

By then Ken had reached the morbid conclusion that all the people he and Sally used to see had been Sally's friends. He had no intention of whispering to them, so he spent most of his time in the apartment alone, and during the next four weeks he accomplished as much in his Business Administration course as was supposed to take the student six months.

One afternoon he had begun writing out his answers to an examination when the door bell rang in an insistent if hiccupy way.

"H'lo, Ken," Cy Webb said, swaying on the threshold. "Whassamatter? You look terrible."

It was not an endearing greeting, but the sight of Cy's cockeyed, irresponsible face was somehow welcome.

"You don't look so pretty yourself," Ken told him. "Come on in."

"I'm jus' tight," Cy explained unnecessarily, and made for the living-room.

"But how do you happen to be tight in New York?"

Ken knew that Cy still had his New Stratford job, for excerpts from his comments on plays that opened there were printed in the dramatic notes of the Metropolitan dailies. Indeed in his present state of mind, Ken had taken to regarding Cy as a friend who had made good while he, Ken, had failed utterly.

"We had an Inspiration Banquet last night," Cy answered, flopping down on the big couch. "Colonel Geiger has started a new crusade, Gunning for Gunmen."

"GUNNING for Gunmen!" Ken repeated, mystified.

"New Straffor'," Cy orated, "mus' be purged of gangsters. There are no gangsters in New Straffor' because the place is too big a bore, but that's the kind of crusade ol' Gas Geiger likes. Las' Spring he crusaded the cheap dance halls. About six tubercular li'l taxi dancers had to walk to the nearest towns 'cause they di'n't have the price of a railroa' ticket. Would've been cheaper to drown them in printer's ink."

"I hope you didn't go to the banquet in this shape," Ken said.

"No, I waited till afterwards. This is result of inspirational addresses."

"Do you want to stay here and sleep it off?"

"Can't. I came here because I thaw maybe you'd take me to New Straffor' with you."

"And why the hell," Ken queried, "did you think I'd be going to New Stratford?"

"'Cause Sally's playing there tonight. I got to cover it."

Ken froze.

"I don't know anything about Sally's whereabouts, these days," he said.

His tone was chill enough to recall things to Cy Webb even.

"That's right. You spli' up, haven't you? Why did you'n' Sally spli' up?"

"None of your business."

"No 'fence 'tended," Cy apologized in telescoped form. "Only Sally's a great girl. Wonderful her getting this lead."

"I don't know anything about it. And as I'm not going to New Stratford, I guess you'd better run along."

"Give me a drink," Cy requested.

"You've had enough."

"If I don't have a drink I'll pass out."

It seemed highly probable, so Ken went to the kitchen, opened a bottle of Scotch, put in a siphon of soda, and a glass with some ice in it, on a tray. As he did so he thought how typical it was of Sally's good fortune that she should have Cy to herald her approach to Broadway with immoderate praise. Ken had come to regard *Brief Respite* as an already established triumph, and could see, in his mind's eye, the tosh that would greet its New York premiere: "New Star Rises in Significant Play."

There wasn't a critic in town who wouldn't be dazzled by Martin Jewett's

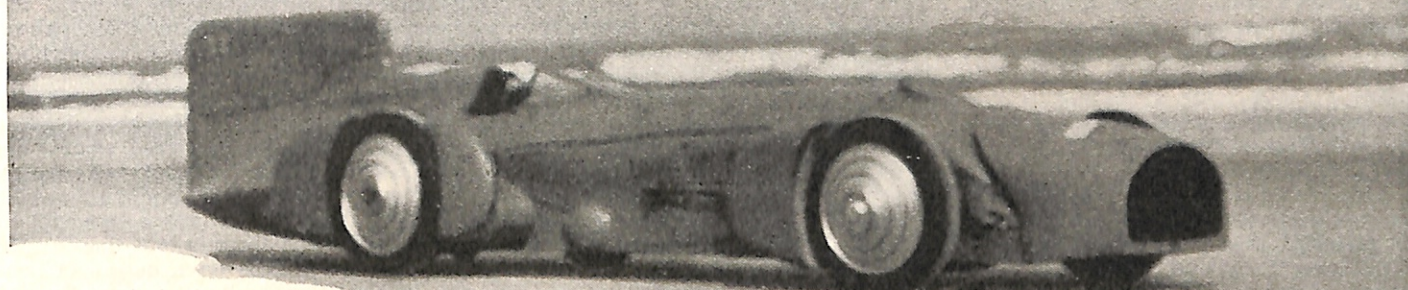
(Continued on page 35)



"How could I have been such a fool as not to appreciate what you could do?"



# HIS HOBBY IS SPEED



By

William F. Sturm

WE OFTEN hear of people who ride various hobbies, and yet, "riding a hobby" is only a figure of speech. That is, nine out of ten times.

With Sir Malcolm Campbell, riding a hobby means what it says. His hobby is the setting of world's speed records in a land vehicle, and when I call it a hobby, I do not refer to Mr. Webster's No. 1 definition: "A strong active horse of middle size, said to have been originally from Ireland; an ambling nag." But I do refer to his secondary definition: "A favorite and ever recurring subject of discourse, thought or effort; a topic, theme, or the like, unduly occupying one's attention or interest."

Sir Malcolm Campbell rides his hobby hard and fast, or to be meticulously exact, I should say, drives it. To prove that record-breaking is a hobby with him, it is only necessary to state that he gets as much satisfaction out of breaking his own records as those of someone else. In February of 1932 he piloted his Blue Bird speed-car along the sands of Daytona Beach at 253.96 miles an hour. In doing this, he broke his own record of 245.733 miles an hour made on the same sands a year earlier. As this is written, he has about finished preparations for invading Daytona Beach once more, in the hope of raising his 1932 mark.

There is little doubt in my mind that he will succeed in doing this. I speak from an intimate association with him over a period of years. Sir Malcolm has an ambition, never actually expressed, but none the less positive, to be the first man to travel 300 miles an hour in a land vehicle.

With a fair share of luck, as he calls it, he should eventually achieve this ambition, not this year, perhaps, but some time.

Some one asked the other day in discussing Campbell: "How does a man get that way? Campbell looks like the last

person I'd expect to sit behind the wheel of a world's record car."

The question does not alter the fact that Malcolm Campbell, a slight, soft-spoken Britisher, is without any doubt the greatest exponent of land speed the world has ever known.

With him it has almost become an obsession, and he has been willing to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in his quest for speed and more speed. I asked him one day while we were idling the time away with a sun bath at Daytona Beach, why he chose this most hazardous of hobbies.

He said: "I hardly know, except that like all other hobbies it grows on one. I began by riding a bicycle and from that I changed to a motorcycle. From a motorcycle the transition to a racing-car was easy."

To understand Campbell it is necessary to know the man intimately. In seeing his slight, erect figure one would never concede him a chance to make a world's speed record, but once one listens to his conversation, one forgets the aristocratic hands and the slight figure and begins to realize that after all the will is the master of the physical self.

One would think that with a charming wife and two fine children the time had arrived to put on the shelf all dangerous ambitions and hobbies. This would possibly be true with Campbell, were it not for the fact that he is as much of a fatalist as any Arab who rushes into battle knowing that whatever comes, everything is quite all right. If he lives, he lives to fight another day. If he dies—O. K.

"You see, it's like this," he said one day down at Daytona Beach; "my car is as good as the builders and my loyal staff of mechanics can make it. The tires represent the thought of the greatest tire-makers in the world. If one of them should blow—mind you, I am sure they will not—but if one of them should let me down, I will simply be for it. If my time has not



Sir Malcolm Campbell, British devotee of speed, and above, his Blue Bird eating up the miles on Daytona Beach, 1932

come, neither tires nor anything else can send me west." Of five men—Campbell, Segrave, Lockhart, Keech and Bible—who have driven a car in excess of 200 miles an hour, Campbell only is left.

Campbell's search for records has led him from England to Denmark, to the Sahara desert, to South Africa, and to Daytona Beach, Florida, undoubtedly the best place in the world for records of this sort. It is really only once a year that Sir Malcolm's hobby gets the better of him. At such a time he drops a prosperous insurance business in London, anchors his little yacht at Southampton, bids Lady Campbell and his son Donald and daughter Jean good-by, pats his Alsatian dogs on the head, rubs the nose of his favorite riding horse, assembles his staff of five



mechanics and is away from such home-like scenes.

At such times he seems to be driven by an irresistible force. He never impresses one as being particularly fond of record-making. Rather, he has the dour Scotch approach, as though he considered it a job unseen forces are urging him to perform, and which he will be jolly well glad to be rid of—and in saying this I do not mean to imply that he goes about his work with never a smile, because, truth to tell, Campbell is a very good after-dinner speaker and has an almost inexhaustible supply of stories which he delights in telling.

Campbell has a peculiar complex about record-making. Personally, I think he never has been satisfied for more than a few hours at a time with anything he has accomplished. I recall that when he made his series of records at Daytona Beach

bought an old English farmhouse, remodeled it and installed his family there. He built a large brick garage instead of the little old cow stable which formerly adorned the place, and here he keeps the family cars, two Rolls-Royces, a Humber Snipe, which is a medium-priced car, and an even smaller car, an Austin seven. In this garage Campbell one year redesigned and built a world's record car, housing from six to ten mechanics in his own home while the work went on.

Besides making world's records, Campbell has for the past ten or twelve years indulged his bent for racing on roads and on tracks. He has won many big races and has had a score of narrow escapes from death in accidents, the recital of which would make an interesting article in itself. He is prone to look on the dark side of things. If he makes a record he always discounts his performance, gives

credit to his car and his mechanics, insists that some one else will soon break the record—and immediately begins planning improvements on his own car.

SINCE 1910 all of Campbell's racing cars, his boats and his airplanes have been Blue Birds. The name illustrates in a way Campbell's obsession and his tenacity. In 1910 he bought a big Darracq that had been raced successfully in America the year before. It was the custom in those days to name one's racing car. Campbell had had two cars previously which he had named the Flapper I and Flapper II, after race horses. He had had crashes in both of them. It was a bad-omened name. He attended a performance of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" in London. Night after night crowds attended. It was an augury to Campbell. His Darracq was due to race at the Brooklands track outside of London the following day. Campbell acted then as he always acts—instantly.

He went home and began painting his Darracq blue, for from thenceforward all his racing cars were to be Blue Birds. He appeared at the race track the following day, pretty well covered with blue paint himself, and with his car sticky from its application, but he won his race.

Campbell was born in 1885 in London, the son of a diamond merchant and real estate investor. At sixteen he was sent to Germany and France to complete his education. He came back home eighteen months later with a



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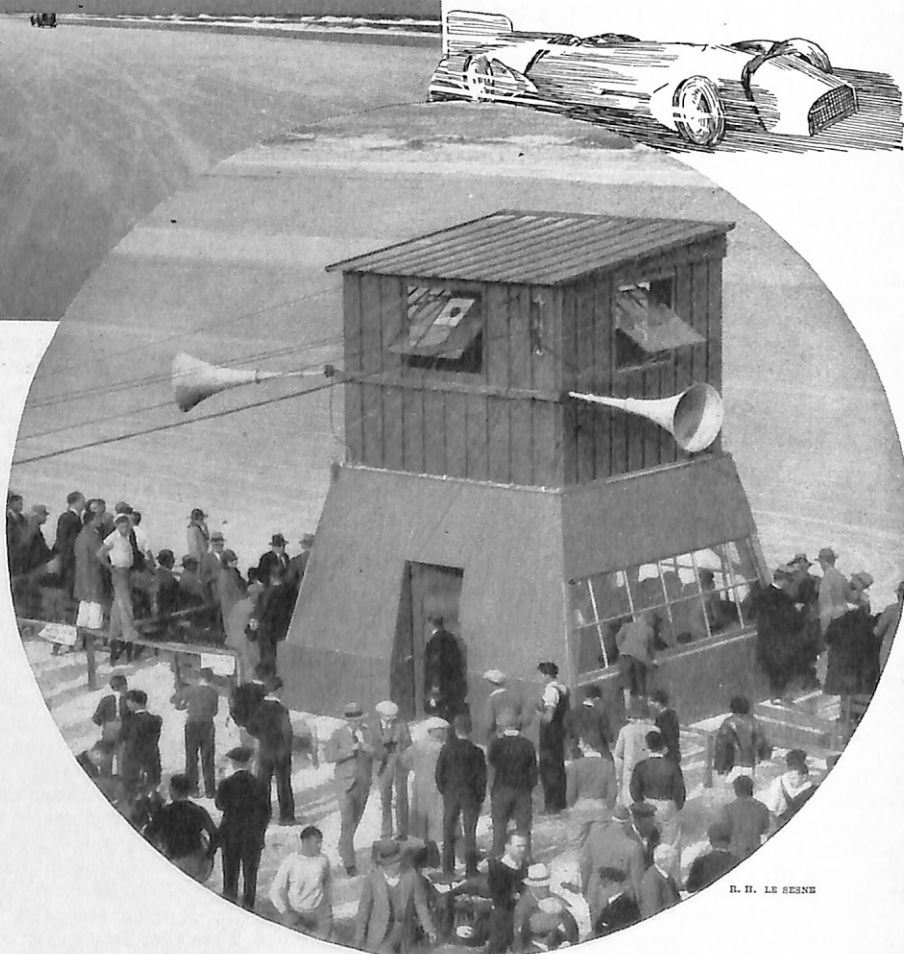
*The beach, at Daytona, that speed made famous*

in the spring of 1932, one newspaper account described him as coming back to the timing stand, and when he heard the news that he had gone 253.96 miles an hour he "danced about the beach, waved his hands to spectators and slapped his mechanics on the shoulders." Maybe that was what the public wished to hear that he did. Actually, Campbell never got that enthusiastic in his life. As to "dancing about the beach," I think he would fall over in a faint at the mere thought of doing anything, to his mind, so idiotic.

World's record-making of the sort in which Campbell indulges is not a highly profitable venture, but Sir Malcolm, like the true hobby rider that he is, never lets that discourage him.

The story of his life is the story of a man who decided what he wished to do and then kept at it, despite discouragements that would have made an ordinary person quit in disgust.

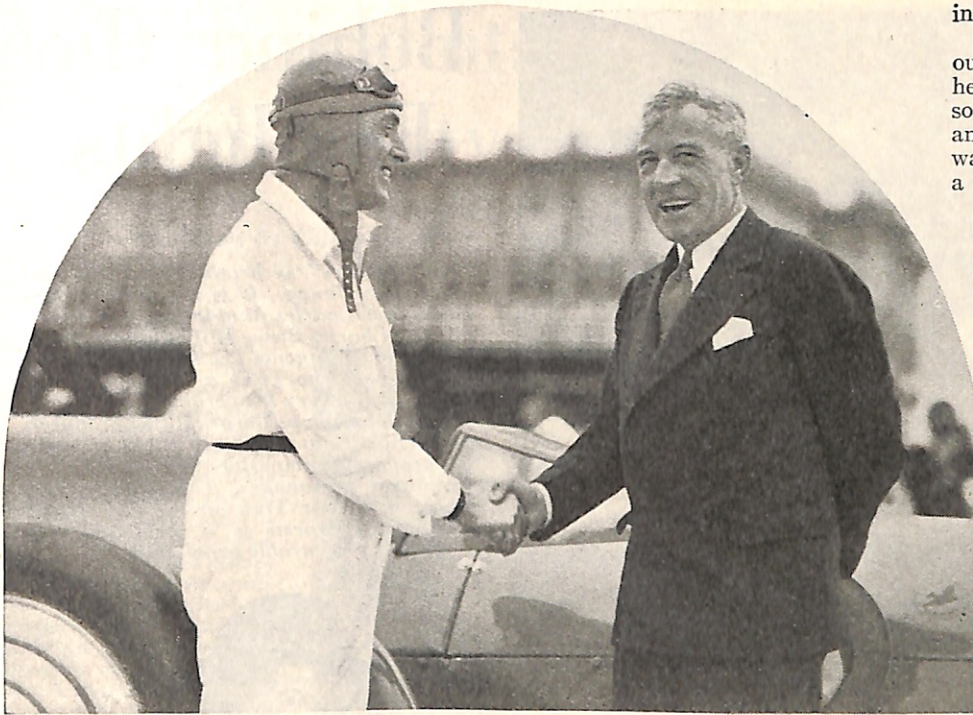
Campbell lives at Povey Cross, about forty miles to the south of London. He



R. H. LE SENNE

*Timing tower at one end of measured mile at Daytona Beach, Fla.*





R. H. LEESNE

Mayor Ed H. Armstrong of Daytona Beach, congratulating Sir Malcolm Campbell on establishing a new speed record

decided flair for bicycle racing, learned from his German friends.

This did not suit Campbell *père* at all, especially so when young Malcolm announced that he felt his mission in life thenceforward was to become a great bicycle-racer. To get such foolish ideas out of his head, Campbell, Senior, got the son a clerkship with a Lloyd's brokerage firm. Malcolm applied himself with characteristic Scotch thoroughness, and as he explains it, for the first two years he got a lot of experience and no salary, and for the following year he got a little salary.

THEN he conceived the brilliant idea of insuring newspapers against libel, and, owing to the rigid laws in England, this became so popular that within a year he had branched out in business for himself, and had become one of Lloyd's prosperous brokers. All this happened by the time he was twenty-one years old. With the money that began to come in, Malcolm began to indulge his desire for speed, first with motorcycles and later with automobiles.

When Bleriot flew the channel in his tiny airplane in 1909, the young insurance broker realized that he had been missing something. So he proceeded to rent a barn and build his own plane. To hear him tell it, it looked like a flying rat-trap, powered with a sixteen-horsepower engine. On its first trial the villagers came around in droves to see Campbell killed, and he almost lived up to their expectations by taking off, soaring above the heads of the crowd—and then coming an ignominious cropper. Fortunately, he was not badly hurt.

He repaired the plane and tried it several times, flying as much as a hundred yards at a time, and thus becoming one of the pioneer English flyers. The Scotch



Sir Malcolm and Lady Campbell in their own doorway at Povey Cross, near London

in him finally rose to protest at the continual expense and he decided that flying was "not his line of country," as the British have it.

When the World War came on, Campbell, then twenty-nine, enlisted as a private and was immediately assigned to the motorcycle messenger service in France. Later, he asked to be transferred to the air service. He spent most of his time ferrying planes from England to France or from France to England. This sounds like a job without a thrill, but as a matter of fact Campbell says that it was a period in his life when he got most of his thrills. As a ferry pilot he had to fly all types of machines he had never before seen, he had to deliver them to airports in France he had never seen, he had to run the risk of enemy planes swooping down on him and trying to knock him off, which they did try more than once. But he came out of the air service at the close of the war all

in one piece and with a captain's rank.

Campbell really went into speed seriously after the war. Previous to that, he had raced various cars in a beginner's sort of way, but with demobilization over and his bearings taken after four years of war, he settled himself. In 1919 he bought a Grand Prix Peugeot once owned by Georges Boillet, the great French driver, killed in the war. Campbell raced the car for two years and then decided to go after the Brooklands record of 109 miles an hour, set up by Boillet. Suffice to say that he did not get the record.

Balked in this effort, Campbell turned his attention to the straight-away mile, then held by Lee Guinness, one of the greatest of the English drivers. He borrowed Guinness's 350 horsepower Sunbeam and took it to a beach in Yorkshire. He raised the record to 135 miles an hour, but the authorities said that as it had been timed by stopwatches it could not be allowed.

Having decided definitely that

record-making was to be his hobby, Campbell entered the international meet to be held at Fanoe, Denmark, in June of 1923. He set the record at 138 miles an hour, against German, French, Italian, Danish and Austrian competition.

Campbell says that when he left for home he had the feeling that bad luck was on his trail. And so it was. The racing authorities decided that, as they had not approved the timing apparatus, they could not allow the record!

Determined to travel 150 miles an hour in a motor-car, Campbell accepted the invitation of the Danes to compete at Fanoe in a series of speed duels. Not to be caught by incorrect timing, he took his own corps of approved English timers along, with a machine approved by the international authorities.

The beach was in terrible condition. It was full of holes, bumps and dips. Wreckage lay about in all directions. The day of the trials the spectators pressed down

(Continued on page 46)



# Behind the Footlights



VANDAMM

The stage has recaptured one of its brighter ornaments in the person of Miss Ina Claire (above) who has been in Hollywood for several seasons past. She is appearing in "Biography" a comedy by S. N. Behrman, who is one of our ablest fabricators of witty lines and mirthful dialogue. The plot of this one is on the slight side, Mr. Behrman's chief interest centering on characterization. A young portrait painter (Miss Claire) returns from a long European sojourn reputed to have had affairs with a number of her notable sitters. A cynical young editor (Earl Larimore, above) inveigles her into writing her biography for his magazine and thereby hangs the tale. Its fine and shrewdly selected cast goes far to make this play the delicious entertainment that it is



WHITE



VANDAMM

The picture at the left will give you an idea of how embarrassing the aftermath of a campus affair may be in later years. The gentleman at the extreme left is Osgood Perkins, a novelist whose lecture tour has taken him to Cleveland. The lady trying so ardently to embrace him is Katherine Squire, the girl of the campus, who inconveniently feels a renewal of her old tenderness for him in spite of having been quite contentedly married for a number of years to the sardonically smiling gentleman in the doorway, Leslie Adams. All this and much more takes place in "Goodbye Again," an amusing play by Allan Scott and George Haight which is well acted by those already accounted for, and especially so by one not pictured—Sally Bates, the novelist's bright young secretary and companion

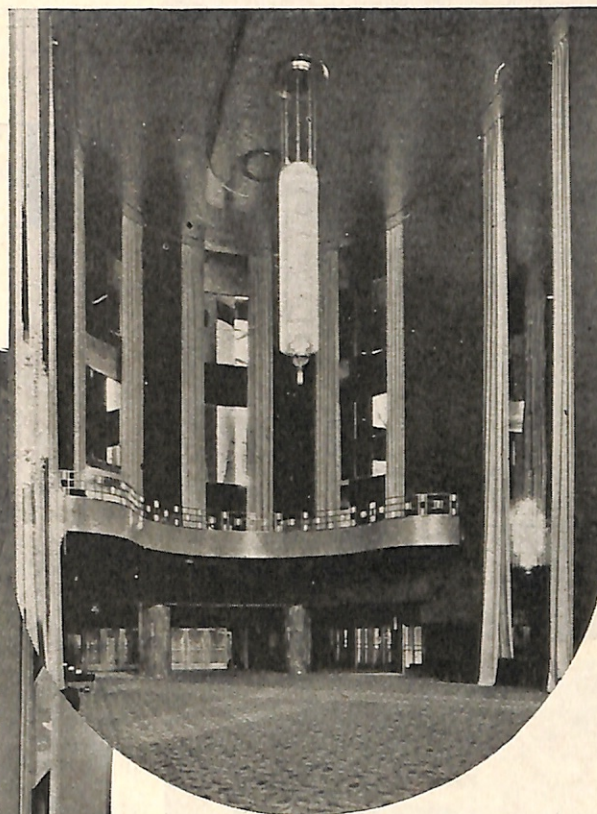
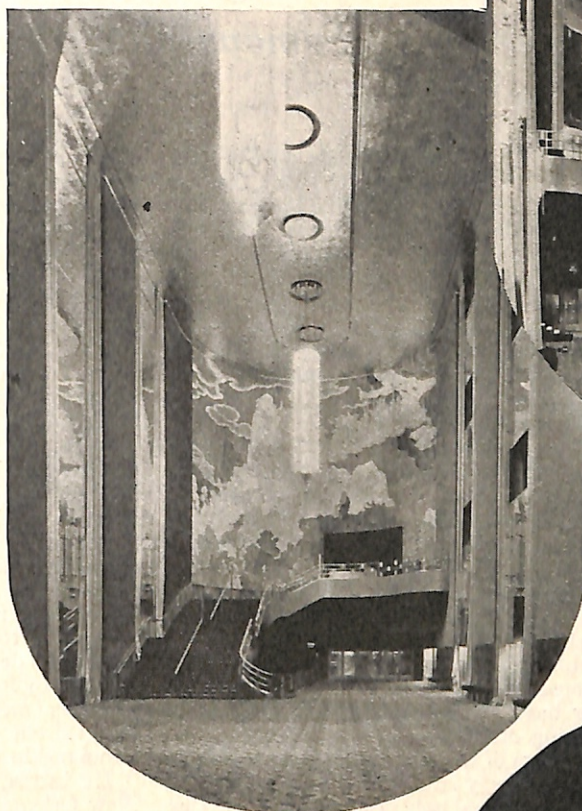


# And Snapshots of Radio City

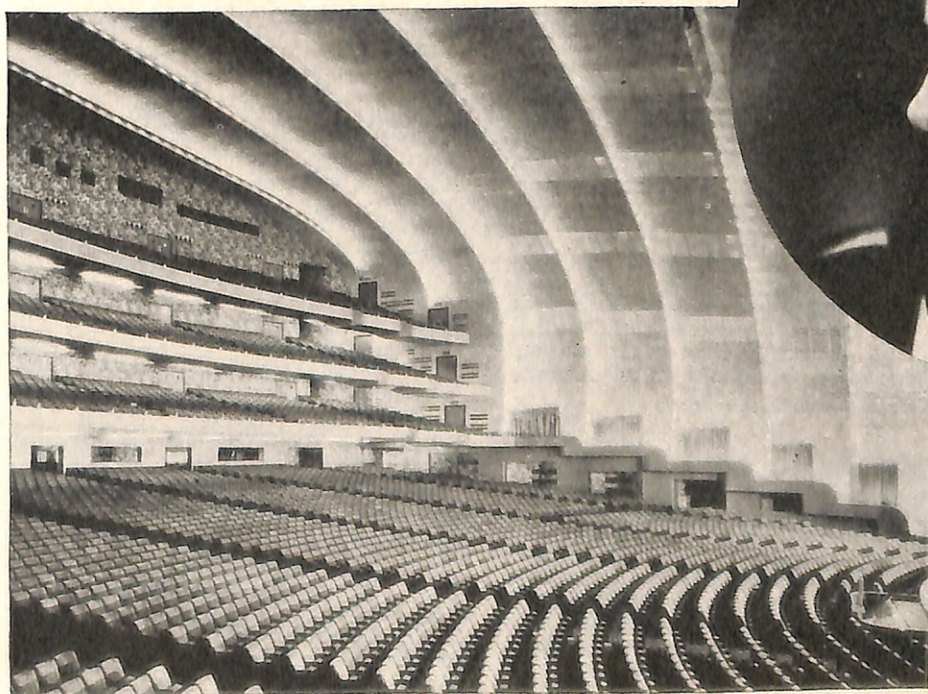
Reviews by Esther R. Bien



The recently opened Radio City music hall at Rockefeller Center, besides being ultra in all its dimensions and accessories, is a thing of great beauty and good taste. The two photographs at the right show opposite ends of the Grand Lobby with its huge crystal chandeliers reflected in the draped mirror panels which rise three stories to the burnished ceiling, and the vast mural painting, by Ezra Winter, called "The Fountain of Youth." It is notable that though the decorative scheme throughout the house is very colorful there is not a garish or glaring note in the place.

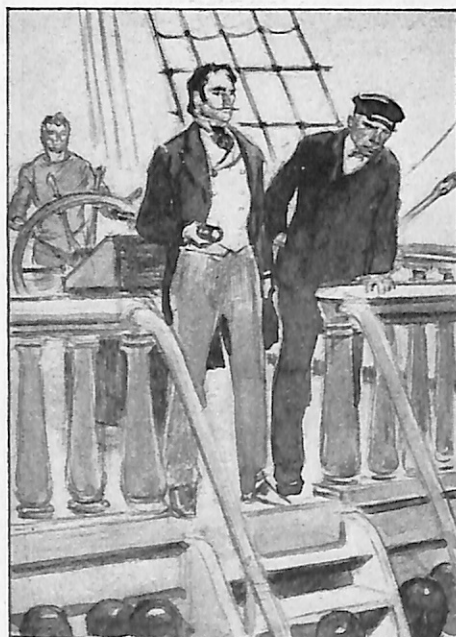


Below is a bird's-eye view of the auditorium which seats 6200 spectators and is the very latest thing in comfort and the ingenuity of its lighting devices. It is now housing a continuous-performance program of moving pictures and elaborate stage shows but there is a persistent rumor that some day grand opera is going to find itself snugly installed in this ample temple



Ann Harding (circle) is co-star with Leslie Howard in the picture version of "The Animal Kingdom," which was on view at the opening of the smaller Roxy Theatre at Radio City. It is an excellent picture. The future of this playhouse, more subdued in tone than the Music Hall, but very handsome, nevertheless, is shrouded in mystery. Now that the picture programs have gone over to the Music Hall it may be used for musicals and extravaganzas—and it may not





# The Napoleon

*Number Eight in the Series of  
Famous Man Hunts*

**W**E pat our criminals on the back by giving them the idea that we have never known their like before. Perhaps we do so from ignorance. There is really nothing unique about them. They have only the superior tools of the day, tending to offset the added mechanical protection against them. That is all. The more useful advantage of the old-timers was the slowness of communication, giving them leisure for working out their designs and flying in season.

The new forgers in particular—since their form of crookedness is often regarded as a matter of brains—are no smarter than the old. Their range is wider, chiefly through the opportunities of a stocks-and-bonds age, but they have invented surprisingly few basically different schemes. They also are caught as of old, run down at the end of a trail, because on some day or other they overlooked a detail that seemed trifling at the time. No swindlers ever have been smart enough to keep on winning endlessly.

The era of the star of this piece was more than eighty years ago. Yet, except for some episodes not now possible because the slaves have been freed, he was as modern in device as his current successors, with one of whom he will be compared.

Colonel Monroe Edwards, whose title was as bogus as his money drafts, for whose capture New York and New Orleans banks of the last century offered a reward of \$20,000, was more pictorial and adroit than Charles Dryden who raided the bank account of the Capitol Theater company in New York in 1926. The feats of both were sensational. Both were taken after they believed they had thrown off pursuit. There are contrasts but there are also similarities. Let the accounts decide which one could have taught the other.

Monroe Edwards was called the Napoleon of Forgers by a generation which could recall the world of the French Emperor. The title showed the impression he made on his countrymen. A psychol-

Copyright, 1933, by Edgar Sisson

*Monroe Edwards first tried his fortune as a blackbirder in the African slave traffic. Later, foiled in his neat plans to steal a great estate, he was forced to make a hurried and permanent exit from Texas on his fleet Kentucky bred stallion. He took his revenge on society for this failure by devoting himself to the unfathomed resources of his goose-quill pen*

ogist who would try to explain Edwards as any kind of a victim of fate or nature would be out of luck. His environment was good, his early prospects were encouraging, and he was popular with folks in general. He cursed himself with a desire to get rich quick and live in splendor. He had no morals whatever. He fitted the rôle of the villain in an old-style melodrama down to the black hair and the blacker mustache.

Kentucky born, he was reared in Mississippi and Louisiana. His father was a planter and as prosperous as most. The lad was more inclined to trade, with its chances of adventure, than to agriculture. When he was in his twenties, his merchant employer was willing to take him into partnership, and was surprised when the young man refused the offer and said he was going to strike out for himself. Edwards had decided quite coolly upon crime, specifically forgery. He had been studying business methods for their use in his mapped-out future and had practiced penmanship and the imitation of signatures.

He increased his capital right away in New Orleans by forging mercantile notes and handling them so much in routine that no suspicion attached either to them or to him. If, toward the last of his career, the authorities had not gone backward over the whole of his life, he never would have been saddled with these early misdeeds.

**W**ITH the first stolen cash added to his own savings, Edwards bought half-ownership in a blackbirder engaged in the transport of negroes from Africa to slavery in the South, and sailed as a landsman-captain. Vessels of this semi-pirate class carried two captains, two flags and two sets of papers for use in different emergencies on the high seas. If a British man-of-war came along, the ship was a friendly Spaniard. If the visitant was a Spaniard or a Frenchman, the American papers were preferable. The slavers were the rum-runners of their decades.

Edwards was cured of this trade by wind and wave. The first ship was wrecked in a gale, and the survivors who got to the small boats were picked up by another vessel and landed at Rio Janeiro. There the obdurate Southerner, who had saved his treasure chest, chartered a second ship, went in it to Africa, loaded it with negroes bought from Arab slave dealers, and got the wretched cargo safely to New Orleans. He sold successfully.



# Of Forgers —

By Edgar Sisson

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

But he did not wish to risk the bodily perils again. His experience had given him a new and a safer idea.

Heralded as a rich man, he went from New Orleans to Natchez, the liveliest of the cities of the river frontier, headquarters of the unscrupulous as well as the daring. Revolution against Mexico was beginning in Texas and its success was assumed. Too confidently, as the history of the next two years was to tell, with the tragedy of the Alamo to precede the stout victory of San Jacinto. Yet the forecast was accurate enough in the main. The new empire was to be black slave territory. That fact rather than the politics or the warfare of revolution had interest for Edwards.

He was searching for a wealthy man owning one of the many Mexican land grants in Texas. He found him in the person of one Dart, to whom he outlined an extra lawless but feasible project. Edwards proposed that they deal in negroes, not from far-off Africa but from convenient Cuba to Texas.

Slavery was not legal in Cuba but the system of contract labor was. The contract system was also legal in Mexican Texas. After the Texan revolution contract negroes would be simply slaves. The scheme of Edwards, as Dart understood it, was to buy up in Cuba the apprenticeship papers of negroes who would be free in a month or so more. Holders naturally would sell cheaply. Apparently the negroes would be transferred only to another part of the island. Actually they would be put aboard a ship and delivered at Galveston. Thence they could be taken to Dart's land grant and be held or sold as the partners wished.

Dart thought the plan a grand one, entered into it and contributed his share of money. Edwards went to Cuba, bought the contracts, shipped the negroes without difficulty, and piloted them to Dart's plantations. Dart was enthusiastic. Further contraband trade was discussed, but Edwards pleaded that he needed playtime, and said he meant soon to make a tour of England and the continent. First he wanted to stay awhile in Texas. He made his arrangements, some of which would have horrified Dart.

Numerous letters had passed between the partners, and they had signed several contracts. Edwards took one of the letters and one of the contracts, and from each erased with chemicals all but Dart's signature. When he had again filled in the documents one of them had been

changed into a bill of sale for the negroes and the other into a deed for the Texas land. He had them witnessed by acquaintances of Dart's while the latter was his guest. The friends knew Dart's signature.

Edwards took his time about all matters. Texas was now a Republic, the imported negroes were his slaves and they worked his plantations. Dart, an elderly man, never visited the distant property. After a comfortable season on the land, Edwards made his promised European trip, disporting himself in London as a colonel of the forces of the Texas Republic. He may well have been the first Texas Colonel.

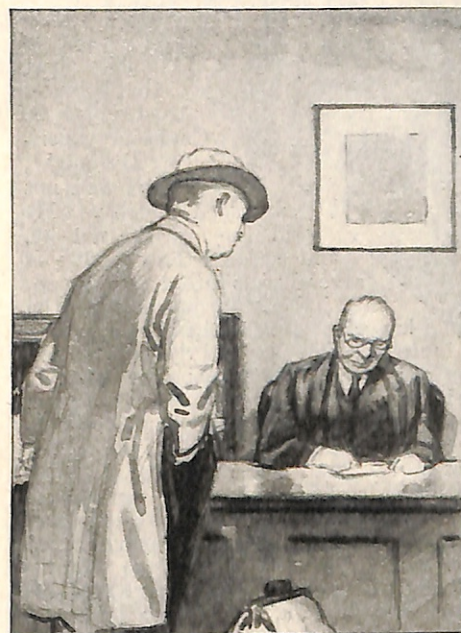
**H**IS jaunt was shortened by news that Dart had discovered the property seizure and was suing in the Texas courts for restitution. Irritated rather than disturbed, for he had foreseen eventual attack, he returned to New Orleans, gathered a cohort of the ablest lawyers in the South and appeared to defend his case at Brazoria, Texas.

When the forged papers were shown in court, Dart's own lawyers deserted him and accused him of bamboozling them. The judge was about to take the case from the jury and give a verdict for the smilingly confident defendant when Dart begged for the favor of adjournment until next week. He would have new evidence, he promised. The request was granted, with august condescension.

Dart at the moment did not know of any new evidence, but he did know that he had not drawn the papers signed with his name, and his vigor and rage convinced his lawyers when he got them into conference. Science, he dimly guessed, had undone him. Therefore, he declaimed, science ought to be able to rescue him. There was a noted chemist, Andrews, in New Orleans. A despatch rider went for him and he was in court when it reassembled.

Placed on the stand, with the papers before him, Andrews said they looked all

*Charles Dryden used a retired manufacturer who was bored with his idleness as the lay-figure in his swindling scheme. Through him he cashed two generous forged checks. The elevator man who had helped Dryden steal the necessary blank checks used his share of the swag to install his girl in an apartment where the novelty of mechanically made ice-cubes proved too dazzling to keep to herself*





*Edwards had plenty of time to get away, but he was enjoying himself in the courtship of a beautiful Philadelphia girl*



right to him but that he never trusted his eyes. Could he experiment? He might, if the papers were not damaged thereby. He said they would not be, and emptied the contents of several vials into a rinsing pan. The judge, the jurors and the lawyers thought they witnessed a miracle. From behind the new writing out came the old. This game was up.

Edwards bolted from the court-room and ran to the hitching post where stood his Kentucky-bred sorrel stallion, the fastest horse in southeastern Texas. Safely mounted and at gallop, he could have jeered at the volunteer pursuers. He may have done so. At any rate he soon hunched his shoulders, leaned forward to take his weight off the sorrel's back and sped beyond the horizon, away from land and negroes, forever away from Texas.

THE South, too, was no longer home for him. He was too much noted as a scoundrel. He fled northward to Cincinnati. Yet what seemed to be the curtain-call for him was only the beginning of a new play. The North, after all, was a larger stage and across the sea lay the pleasant older countries where he had only sipped at the possibilities of pleasure.

While he had lost an estate he still had money, and the unfathomed resources of his goose-quill pen. He was not worried. But he was revengeful. Since his slaves were lost, he became the public enemy of slave-holding. In a few months Colonel Monroe Edwards was a foremost abolitionist.

Presently he got some good letters of introduction from Western abolitionists to their Eastern leaders, and forged some

*A patrolman saw a large trunk standing on the porch of a house. He waited until the boarder returned, and arrested him*

better ones. In New York, where he gained the favor of the Tappan brothers, redoubtable friends of the negro, he prepared for a journey to England, with the truthfully avowed purpose of telling English statesmen how to destroy with sea force the very kind of Cuban slave running in which he had been engaged. Great Britain was then in full cry against slavery and slave trading, well aware that mere voices would not hurt the South upon which it depended for cotton. Colonel Edwards was going on a hopeless crusade.

But no matter. The pose was good anyway. His gains from the friendship of abolitionists were becoming substantial. He was forging as he traveled. His chief trick was the handy use of an extra identity, an actor's rôle in which he cashed at discount notes bearing highly acceptable names. He was clever at disguise. Sometimes the straw man was suspected but never the Colonel.

WHEN he departed for London he bore letters of introduction signed with the names of Daniel Webster and Martin Van Buren and addressed to Daniel O'Connell, Lord Brougham and Earl Spencer. Neither Webster nor Van Buren ever had heard of him but they would have admitted that their signatures looked familiar. Edwards had practiced diligently upon them, taking for models letters they had written to his new friends.

The chief consequence of the sojourn abroad was that the Colonel spent so much money that he felt the necessity of replenishing his pocket-book with a big raid. Politically he fared badly. The English mighty to whom he bore letters did their polite duty by passing him on to Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston, who listened and were not interested. He made just enough stir to attract the ill-will of the Texas Minister, who passed his history to the American Ambassador.

London doors closed against him with a snap.

Paris, he thought, might be more genial. It was frostier, for General Cass, the American Ambassador to France, met his call with the blunt statement that on advices from London he had warned the city that an American swindler was coming.

Yet the Colonel did not regard the journey as a failure. From American newspapers picked up in London and Paris he got the details of a new form of bank robbery developed in the States by a slippery pair believed to be the cracksmen Jack Reed and Charles Webb, as indeed they were. Their habit was to break into a bank and steal no money. Sometimes their entrance was undiscovered. At most nothing but blank paper ever was missed. The performance appeared silly.

The results, however, were disturbingly practical. The bank stationery was used, in the writing of advisory letters to correspondent banks in distant cities. In due course the bank forms, drawn for the sums indicated in the letters, turned up and were honored with payment. By the time the forged papers got back to the parent bank, the manipulators had completed other jobs and were far away. Reed and Webb were finally tripped in attempting a repeat performance, but they already had done their service to the Colonel.

He thought there was one crudity about their work—the preliminary bank burglary. A variant, dependent upon forgery alone, seemed to him possible. He was still thinking out details when he got back to New York.

(Continued on page 38)







# The Show Goes On

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

## Part II

**S**HORTLY after dawn the next morning Bob Calvert herded Ortie Whipple with his band of ring-stock into the maw of the covered bridge.

The beams had been repaired; everyone in the circus had worked to brace them with cottonwoods felled from a near-by grove; they were now safe. This done, sleep had come to all but Calvert and his unwilling groom. Mother Meade responded to drama; more than once in the last twenty-four hours, Bob had seen her lifted out of her usual blankness by some form of unusual activity. Calvert had planned his act as a surprise. That meant the necessity for secret rehearsals.

They started across the bridge, the hollow structure rumbling beneath the hoofs of their horses. Half across, Calvert dismounted and began a search of the flooring.

"What you looking for?" asked Ortie sleepily.

"Oh, something I dropped last night."

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On hands and knees, he began a minute survey. At last, after minutes of waiting, Ortie saw him grasp a small, round object, and raise it to the light.

"What is it?"

"Oh, a souvenir."

Ortie sighed. This man was beyond him. Calvert rose, with a button in his palm, a peculiarly fashioned disc of black mussel-pearl, imperfectly cut, yet evidently from high-priced clothing.

"Let's get goin'," begged Ortie. "I'm dying for sleep."

"You'll get sleep—tonight. We've work to do today, Ortie."

Then he rode ahead: Ortie did not appeal to his sense of humor this morning. Memories of the night still were with him, the mystery of those men on the bridge, the crazed actions of Mother Meade, the desperate way in which Connie had fought for his presence in the show. He saw her in a new light now, a lone figure struggling against more than she had revealed. That puzzled Calvert. She had spoken of this man, Leonard Purcell. Mother Meade had

*Purcell, as if in obedience to a spoken command, put forth his right hand*

spoken of him also, as though he might hold a possessive status. Yet Connie had been willing to defy even him in her anxiety for the presence of himself, a stranger until a few hours before. At last he shook his head and rubbed his eyes. This was no time for mysteries.

Onward they traveled through the rolling country—prairie-like, yet broken by intermittent hills. To the left, the Platte flowed, ugly and yellow in its summer shallowness. The rails of the Union Pacific were silent; it was still a pioneer road with



but few trains. Miles passed. At last they sighted Great Bend, set on the banks of the river, and with broken hills beyond. They entered it, and ate at a small restaurant. Then with Ortie mumbling in his wake, Calvert led the way to the hilly section, with its little valleys set like tiny amphitheatres. There he stepped off a ring, and coached Ortie in his tasks.

"First I want Prince, that big gray!" he commanded. "Turn him loose when I give you the signal. Then have that dapple, Master, ready. And finally I want Duke."

"What are the others for?"

"Reserve. Forget them."

THEY unpacked the animals which had borne the burdens of their possessions. A bag of rosin came forth; Calvert pounded a heavy chunk into powder and dusted the backs of his horses. Rehearsals had begun.

"I don't see why we can't do this on the circus grounds," remonstrated Ortie.

"There are lots of things you can't see, Ortie," Calvert answered casually, as he removed his boots and substituted canvas riding pumps. "So don't try. Just do what I tell you."

Ortie obeyed. Calvert stepped to the middle of the ring, giving low-voiced signals. Prince was circling him as he let out a small lead rope, attached to the horse's halter. Instantly Prince swerved outward, to the length of the rope, and into an easy, rocking gait. Calvert held him thus for a half hour. At last he halted the animal. A ring had been made; beaten down by the steady pound of the heavy horse's hoofs. The rider unfastened the rope.

Again he signaled. Again the horse took up his pace. Calvert turned.

"Know how to crack a whip?" he asked.

"Of course."

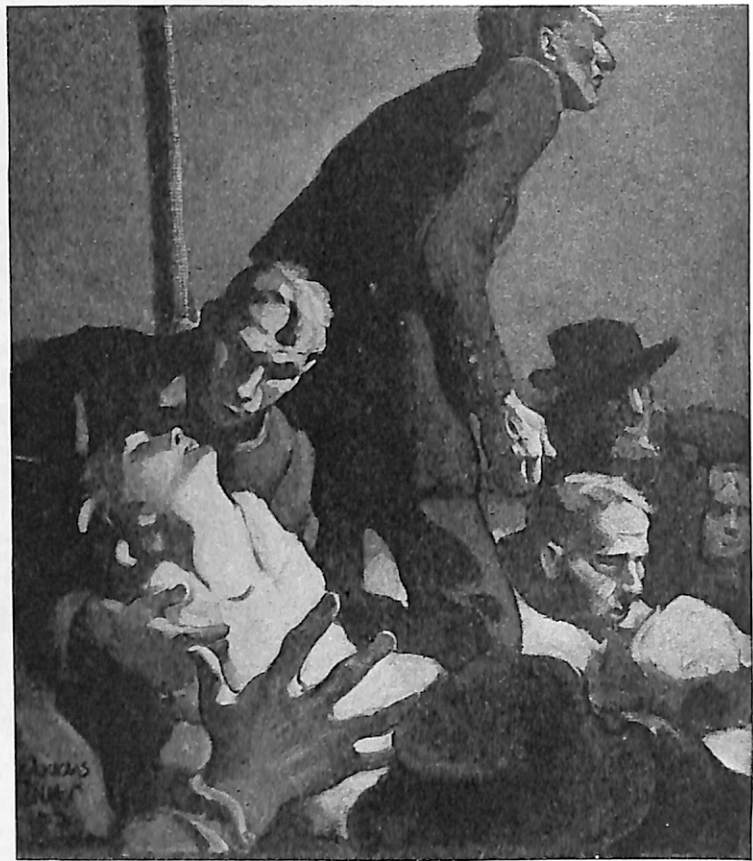
"Then get that long-lashed one out of my pack. Watch how Prince is moving. Keep him to that gait—all you've got to do is to snap that whip once in a while."

"Do I do this in the show?" Ortie asked.

"No; Connie will do that."

Calvert faced him. The expression of easy laughter had returned to his features, wiping out the fatigue of a sleepless night. He was coatless now, bareheaded. His light brown hair was boyishly dishevelled;

*Reeling again, the tent swimming about him, Bob Calvert strove to hold to the back of his horse. In vain. He lurched heavily...*



impulsively he moved forward and whacked his disconsolate groom on the back.

"Don't you worry, Ortie," he commanded. "I've got big plans for you. You're going to be an actor. With Ettabelle. And you'll make her famous."

Ortie Whipple's eyes bulged, like those of a lobster. He moved to the center of the ring with a new stiffness.

"Bob," he said ponderously. "You've been an awful good friend to me."

"Never better." Then with a short run, Calvert swung into the air, slanting his body as he rose. Higher he went, and higher, alighting easily in a standing position on his horse and balancing himself there. Ortie grunted with surprise—and a little pride.

"Hold him to that pace!" the equestrian called.

Around and around the ring he went, rising and falling to the motions of the patient horse beneath him. He began a dancing motion, first one foot in the air, then the other. He went to his knees, and back to his feet again. Then while Ortie cracked his whip, he flexed himself into a flip-flop. It was the beginning of patient practice—an easy beginning on Prince, the big gray, more difficult tricks on the dapple, and finally, with shouting and hullabaloo, he turned to his finish on the fiery chestnut. Here the rocking gait no longer held true; the pace was faster; Calvert must cross the ring at full speed now that he might raise himself to the chestnut's back. But he did it, time and again; only to swerve suddenly forward, apparently falling from the horse, then to grasp his neck, swing awkwardly beneath it in a studied pretense of attempting to save himself from the horse's hoofs, and then with another great swing, come to his back again, leap high in the air, turn a

double somersault and drop to the ground. Ortie could only gulp. This was riding!

The day went by; short sessions of intensive effort, long rests. Mid-afternoon arrived. At last, the pair left the hoof-trodden ring in the hills. A change had come over Ortie. He was no longer disconsolate. It was something to be the assistant of a man who could ride like Bob Calvert.

An hour later, back on the circus lot, Calvert turned from the girl to whom he had been talking. The afternoon show was over. Men again drowsed under the rickety, brick-colored wagons. Mother Meade sat sewing in the shade of the dressing tent, looking blankly in their direction now and then, only to return as vacuously to her needlework. Near-by, hanging out a newly-washed pair of tights on a guy rope, was a squat woman, while her husband, two sons and a daughter quarreled over a game of checkers—the Stratton Family of tumblers which furnished much of the performance. Grandma Sours, the clown, pattered about his trunk. Old Queen Bess, the elephant, shuffled by in the wake of her taciturn keeper.

"Why do you call Keats, the elephant-keeper, Flatiron?" Calvert asked.

"Look at his face," said Connie.

THE rider surveyed the features of the elephant-keeper, flat, emotionless, inscrutable. Then suddenly he looked toward the weather-worn big top, whence emanated sounds of argument. Ettabelle Jertz, otherwise Lalita, Queen of Knife Throwers, was there, in a honeymoon of sorrow. There came the wailing outcry:

"But you told me you was a big mining man from Colorado."

"Well, ain't I?" howled Ortie. A new assertiveness seemed to come to the man.







"But if I want to do this, I'm goin' to do it. That ain't all. I'm goin' to make a star out of you, too."

"How?"

There was a short silence.

"I ain't tellin' just now," said Ortie finally.

Calvert winked to the girl. They moved away. Connie said:

"They seem perfectly mated."

A chuckle came from the man.

"Beautifully." Suddenly he sobered: "Now look—Ortie will come running in and whisper the news that the star rider is ill. The act will be called off. Then I'll yell from the seats. Understand?"

Connie understood. She hurried away, returning with a suit of brilliant red, heavy with braid, which Calvert had given her for pressing.

"It ought to fit him," the rider said. "My other groom was about his size."

Ten minutes later, a newly resplendent Ortie strutted into the big top, while on the otherwise empty seats the little crew of the show, actors and workingmen, sat in survey. Time after time the slight routine with Connie and Mother Meade was gone through, while Whipple sweated and pawed his mustache. At last, the old woman halted rehearsals.

"This is all folderol. If you're a great rider, why don't you ride—and not waste our time with all this?"

"Now, Mother—"

"Sh-h-h!" Calvert cautioned. The old woman had turned away, suddenly blank again. "Don't get her excited. We'll stop. I'll rehearse Ortie privately."

Night came. The first few stragglers began to come out to the circus grounds from the scattered city on the banks of the Platte. The "Star-Burners" or bank of kerosene torches, fed from an upper reservoir, were raised on the center pole.

Other burners appeared at the marquee and at the entrance to the grounds. Mother Meade took her place in the combination ticket and property wagon, and began the sale of seats. Flat-iron Keats roped off Queen Bess. Lights appeared in the dressing tent. Calvert held a last conference with Connie and Ortie Whipple. Then he went forth to the front of the lot, to join the gathering crowd there and finally work his way into the circus.

**SLOWLY**, the dimly lighted tent began to respond to the sound of the influx. "Grandma" Sours, without his clown white, bawled the sale of songbooks. There were no ushers. There were no reserved seats—only rows of blue-painted planks, set on jacks, and held in place by toe-pins, driven deep at the feet of the stringers. In all, this little tent held few more than three hundred persons. The admission was fifty cents, and most objected to that.

Somewhere in the recesses of the tent, a hurdy-gurdy squawked to ceaseless cranking by a workman—it was the show's only music. Its raucous notes mingled with the shouting of men as they called from one tier of seats to acquaintances in others, the giggling and cries of children, the chatter of women.

Calvert joined the throng, taking a place midway up the tier of seats nearest to the center of the ring. He was dressed like the rest of the men, many fresh from the soil. "Grandma" Sours ceased his work of selling songbooks and hurried for the dressing tent, that he might make up as the show's sole clown. More throngs appeared, strolling until they had viewed Queen Bess thoroughly, then suddenly hurrying, as they sought seats. Evidently Great Bend was amusement starved.

At last, the hurdy-gurdy ceased. The tent silenced, "Grandma" Sours ran into the ring, turned a handspring, and halted, arms widespread as he shouted:

"Well, here we are again!"

Everyone laughed. It was the formal opening of any and every small circus of the '70's. Immediately the clown swung into song:

"We've been away a long, long while,  
Too long to state, I fear,  
But at last we've come to make you smile  
Since Circus Day is here.

Oh, Circus Day is here, is here,  
Oh, Circus Day is here,  
We've been away a long, long time—  
But Circus Day is here!"

The audience rocked at this, men and women who had seen nothing but the drabness of effort, the loneliness of a homesteader's life—these people found great humor in the man's antics. Suddenly they were silent. Horses had been led into the tent; an incline and a spring-board had been put in place, while on the other side of the animals, a heavy mat of straw, or leaping-tick, had been put down. The show now was really beginning, with what was known as "the leaps."

For "Grandma" Sours, who led off, it was merely a number of false starts, allegedly comic halts to throw away a piece of straw over which he had stumbled, and at last a sprawling leap over the horses to a floundering landing on the leaping-tick. Then the others followed, Mama and Papa Stratton and the three Stratton children; Lalita, Queen of Knife Throwers, and at last Connie, swinging high into a floating somersault before she should come to her feet on the other side. Calvert applauded enthusiastically.

"That girl's got tempo!" he murmured.



Now attention had centered on the ring again. Mother Meade made her entrance to indulge in the badinage between clown and ringmaster, so necessary in the old-time one-ring circus. And after that, pop-eyed with excitement, his face as red as his uniform, Ortie Whipple trotted into the tent with Bob Calvert's ring horses.

Connie followed him, dressed in pink tunic, flaring tulle skirt, and tights. Women held their fans to their faces for an instant that they might take sidelong glances at the influence this pretty circus girl had exerted upon their husbands. Ortie followed his long-rehearsed routine. Then, while the circus waited, there came the announcement that the regular rider was ill—that there would be no equestrian performance.

Instantly the circus stilled into ugly silence.

"There's a trick about that!" shouted a man across the way. Calvert leaned forward in his seat. He shouted, in a twangy voice:

"I bet I could ride as good as the regular feller anyway!"

Everyone laughed. Grandma Sours ran forward, staring as if in amazement. Mother Meade cracked her whip.

"Well, if you think you can!" she commanded, "come down and try it."

"I'll do jest that!" Calvert yelled, as he gathered his coat into his arm and prepared to rise. "I'll show yer what—"

There he halted, his face contorted in a sudden spasm of pain. A burning sensation had shot through his right leg, like a red-hot poker being drawn diagonally downward from the calf. Then, in spite of the agony, he leaped to his feet, staring downward between the interstices of the seats. He saw nothing, except the blur of a moving, indistinguishable form—the space beneath was black with darkness.

He could feel the warmth of blood coursing down his leg. Persons about him were shouting, urging him into the ring. Grandma Sours was taunting him, squatting, with his fingers to his nose. Mother Meade cracked her whip, following, as she thought, the routine.

"Well, get a move on! We can't keep these horses here all night."

"That's right!" It came from a dozen throats. "You said you could ride them horses. Let's see you do it."

Bob Calvert stiffened against the pain of his injured leg. He could not halt now to determine the seriousness of it. The assailant was gone; insistence from the audience had grown greater. Mother Meade was staring curiously at him now—doubt had made itself apparent in her

features. Connie had moved forward, as if in wonder at his delay. Bob Calvert took an uncertain step forward, as spectators cleared the way; looking down, he saw blood oozing from his riding pump—his trousers leg was saturated with it.

"Clear the way," he called, and started grimly toward the ring.

## CHAPTER VII

THE tent had blurred before the equestrian. He heard Mother Meade call to him again from the ring; her voice jumbled with the noise of the hurdy-gurdy, and the startled outcry of a woman whom he had just passed, something about him smearing her dress—then she screamed, and in the fashion of the day, fainted.

At last Calvert reached the ground, and to cover his limp, lurched drunkenly forward.

He reached the earthen ring-bank, dizzily aware that Connie was coming toward him. Suddenly she ran:

"Bob!" she exclaimed, without realizing the familiarity. "You've been hurt!"

"Not so loud!" he cautioned.

He again covered his staggering by reeling into the ring.

"Give me a horse!" he shouted, while the tent roared. Ortie Whipple ran forward with Prince. The rider lurched toward the horse, grasping his mane and drunkenly pulling himself to the animal's back. There he clung for a moment, fighting for strength—he gained it by sheer determination, the reserve power of a performer rising in an emergency. This was a double responsibility; Mother Meade had given him one chance. If he failed—would this unexplainable injury then be looked upon only as a means to excuse a lack of ability?

Desperately he began to straighten, until he was kneeling; at last, he rose to a standing position, still covering his weakness and uncertainty by the rolling actions of a drunkard. Little simulation was needed. Every movement of the horse drove new knife thrusts through that leg, new sensations of burning. But he hung on.

The crowd had silenced now—amazed in its gullibility, still believing him a drunken outlander. Calvert gritted his teeth against the pain and uncertainty of his footage. The seepage of blood had counteracted the rosin on his right ring pump; he held the horse mainly by the grip of his left. He glanced to one side. Connie was in the ring with him, her lips set, her eyes widened with excitement. The rider tried to smile at her; it was a feeble grimace. Calvert knew that the horse's back was slowly reddening, and that a trickle was seeping down its

side; he was losing blood heavily. But in the flickering dimness of the star-burners, the audience saw the bloodstains only as shadows or as some sort of smear; attention in the main was upon the rider.

Calvert struggled for equipoise, and jerked off his hat and coat, throwing that also out of the ring, while Connie cracked her whip, and held the horse against the ring-bank. His vest followed, his shirt. Now the spectators saw that he was in tights.

He lowered his arms to the waistband of his trousers. Suddenly he desisted; to remove these would reveal his injury. "Grandma" Sours, clowning about the ring, ran forward.

"Are they stuck?" he shouted. "I'll get 'em off for you."

He reached quickly upward and grabbed at a trousers-leg, to pull them free—only slight basting at the seams held them together. Calvert braced himself against the jerk. Free came the trousers, the clown calling out excitedly as they smeared his white suit with red. Then a rumble of excitement rose from the audience. Connie Meade suppressed a scream. Reeling again, the tent swimming about him, Bob Calvert strove to hold to the back of his horse. In vain. He lurched heavily—half-conscious, he saw spectators rise from their seats. Then, the noisy tent only a rumble in his ears, he caved, grasped weakly at the horse's mane, missed it, and sprawled to the ground outside the ring-bank.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS was only momentary. Almost instantly he knew that Connie was bending over him, and that "Grandma" Sours was shouting for Ortie to help carry the injured man to the dressing tent. Mother Meade was running forward screaming to the spectators to keep their seats.

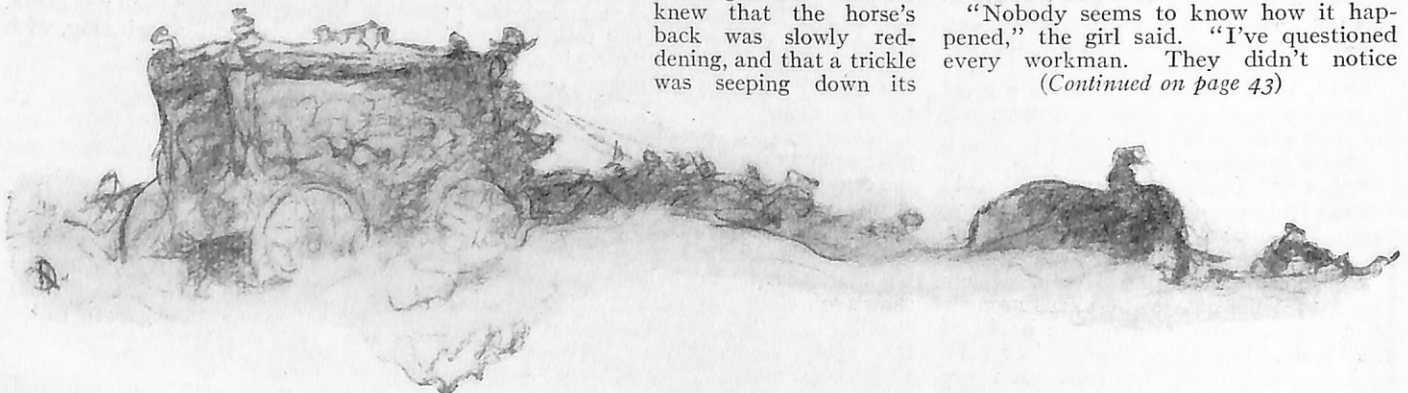
Then it all faded as "Grandma" gave over his task to a workman and Bob Calvert was carried out of the ring and into the dressing tent. Connie followed for a moment.

"I'll be back whenever I can," she said hurriedly. Then at the doorway, she called to the excitement-stricken Ortie. "Well, don't just stand there. Get some bandages. Put a tourniquet above that wound to stop the bleeding."

An hour later, Ortie sat disconsolately beside his master. "Grandma" Sours, his clown suit splotted by his work of ministration, stood watching at the entrance for the arrival of the town doctor. Connie hurried in, and knelt beside the rider.

"Nobody seems to know how it happened," the girl said. "I've questioned every workman. They didn't notice

(Continued on page 43)





# Cast and Broadcast

By Philip Coles

Spencer Deane and Georgia Backus, left, snapped in NBC's *Eno Crime Club*. Ray Hanna, who directs, stands at the mike beside the actors (outside camera-range) with a sound-proof set of ear-phones. Through these he hears and simultaneously sees the act exactly as it comes over the air. With gestures and pantomime he tones down or speeds up the murder mystery, and the result is startling realism!



RAY LEE JACKSON

It took some years and a lot of *What-It-Takes* to get Al Jolson into radio, but the feat has been accomplished by the National Broadcasting Company, and the famous black-face comedian is to be heard over WEAJ on Friday evenings at 10 p.m. E. S. T. To the left you see him, beautifully photographed by NBC's big lens-and-birdie man, Ray Lee Jackson, in the act of crying, "Mammy!"



RAY LEE JACKSON

From a ranch called Sun Dance, in Wyoming, comes a trio of cornflower blondes, the Neal Sisters (below). Their harmonizing is made audible, gents, over the National Broadcasting Company's WEAJ-WJZ Network from the Chicago studio. You won't be able to see them, more's the pity, but you can hear them sing on Wednesday evenings at 8:45 E. S. T. The three Neal cornflowers, Gwyneth (left), Ann (right), and Lucille have been headlined performers in vaudeville for some years, so it may well be that you have seen them, after all



Above is Jack Pearl, *Lucky Strike's* Baron Munchausen, telling one of his whoppers to "Sharlie." Seeds of suspicion have been planted in Sharlie's bosom, for he iss nefer dere when the Baron goes on his toots. The photograph catches an appreciative grin on the faces of the announcer (extreme left) and the musician (right), who are reading the continuity as the artists broadcast. A radio act must be funny to get a laugh from these boys, who have already attended rehearsals of the program and to whom it is all part of the day's work, anyway







## EDITORIAL

### NOMINATIONS IN ORDER

■ In a few weeks the annual elections will be held in the subordinate Lodges. Under Grand Lodge statutes nominations may be made at any regular meeting after the first of February, except the one at which the election is to be held. In certain specified circumstances nominations may be made at the time of the election.

It is advisable that nominations should be made at the first meeting in February. This attracts early attention to the approaching election; gives an impetus to the interest in that occasion; and affords each member ample opportunity to know who the nominees are and to consider their respective qualifications. It also gives time for other nominations to be made if those first named be not unanimously acceptable.

A good, clean, spirited contest adds interest to a Lodge election. But there is always some danger of an aftermath of disappointment and bitterness. Therefore every effort should be made to minimize this danger by the nomination only of such candidates as command the confidence and respect of the entire membership.

Nominations should not be lightly made as a mere complimentary gesture toward a popular brother, or to register a purely personal preference. No man should be presented for office unless he be really qualified to serve effectively the best interests of the Lodge, is willing to address himself earnestly to that task if elected, and has some reasonable claim to preferment.

It is usual, of course, for men to differ honestly about the relative merits and claims of candidates. This is what leads to contests. But, at least in Elk Lodges, those contests should be only among worthy and well-equipped aspirants, so that the result, in any event, will be gracefully accepted, without just cause for fear that a serious mistake has been made.

It should be remembered that the act of nominating a candidate for office is even more important than the casting of a ballot in the election. It should be done with a proper consciousness of fraternal obligation.

### CONDOLENCE—AND ADMIRATION

■ It was with a very keen sorrow that the tragic news was received, on New Year's Day, that the home of Vallejo Lodge, No. 559, had been completely destroyed by fire; and that five members of the Lodge, who occupied quarters in the building, lost their lives in the catastrophe.

It is pleasing to note, as was to have been expected, that expressions of kindly sympathy and generous offers of material assistance poured into the Lodge from many sources. THE ELKS MAGAZINE avails itself of

this first opportunity thus to convey to Vallejo Lodge, and to the families of the unfortunate victims, the assurance of the tender sympathy which pervades the hearts of the Order's entire membership.

May the consciousness of the fraternal sentiments, which have been so deeply stirred and so convincingly evidenced, serve in some measure to alleviate the poignant grief and sense of loss which must inevitably attend such a tragedy.

The fine spirit of the members of Vallejo Lodge has been manifested by the courage and loyalty with which they have faced the trying situation. It has won the admiration of the whole Order, even as its best wishes will attend the plans, which have already been formulated, for the Lodge's maintenance and rehabilitation.



### SIXTY-FIVE

■ The impulse to comment upon the Order's sixty-fifth birthday, which is just at hand, is not to be restrained.

It is so obviously the thing to do, that a failure to do it might suggest a forgetfulness of the occasion; and it is too significant an annual event to be forgotten or to be permitted to pass unnoted by those who love the Order. The Mother Lodge, New York No. 1, is to be commended for its recurrent celebrations of the anniversary. It is an example other Lodges might well follow, at least occasionally.

Sixty-five years is a very considerable span in the life of any benevolent organization. It embraces a period during which three generations have had opportunity to impress themselves upon it; and to be affected by it. If it should lack the sound basis of definite objectives which appeal to the best in man, it is not likely to survive so long. But if its fundamental purposes are such as to attract those who desire to serve their fellows, and if those purposes be consistently maintained and pursued by methods which afford pleasing opportunities for such service, then its perpetuity is assured.

The Order of Elks has demonstrated its capacity to survive, because it has proved its worthiness to live as an organized agency for service to country and to humanity, and its adaptability to the changing conditions which are necessarily incident to the passing years.

As those changing conditions present themselves, it is frequently said that this or that agency, organization or instrumentality is "on trial," meaning that its ability to function successfully during such new conditions is being tested. So, during the present unusual period it has been said that fraternity is on trial; specifically that the Order of Elks is on trial.



It is no new experience for our Order. It has been many times on trial, in the sense of being called upon to face and solve new fraternal problems. And it will prove itself again, as it has done before, because it possesses the inherent qualities which will continue to draw capable and devoted men to its membership and leadership.

It is in this exalted spirit that the Order of Elks celebrates its sixty-fifth birthday. It is proud of its record of achievements. It surveys with satisfaction the elements of its capacity for service; and is conscious of its power. It realizes, with due regard to the attendant obligations, its high place in public esteem. It cherishes the loyalty and devotion of its members. And it looks forward, with abiding faith, to its continuing development and growing usefulness during the years that lie ahead.

## NEIGHBORLINESS

■ "Neighbor" is a homely, old-fashioned word, derived from two ancient Anglo-Saxon words which expressed its true original meaning—a near-by dweller. In time other words have been derived from it, with meanings which are obvious. One of the very nicest of these is "neighborliness." It is packed full of wholesome implications. The very sound of it conjures up memories of friendly faces, of kindly inquiries, of unafraid children, of the interchange of specially dainty dishes, of informal visits, of evidences of tender sympathy in times of sorrow and trouble, and of numberless acts of affectionate friendliness.

What a pity it is that we are in danger of losing that word from our vocabulary, or rather that it is in danger of losing much of its sweet suggestiveness! But the danger is a real one arising from modern conditions.

So few years ago as to be within the memory of most of us, the limitations of a neighborhood were rather definitely fixed by the then usual methods of transportation and communication and conditions of home life. Those very limitations brought about a natural frequency of association from which was born a more or less intimate knowledge of each other among neighbors. They necessarily involved personal contacts which aroused a mutual interest and prompted mutual acts of kindness.

But, to-day, the automobile has extended the territorial limits of a neighborhood indefinitely. Instead of the comparatively few neighbors whom we saw frequently and intimately, there are now very many more acquaintances whom we see casually and hurriedly. We are all so busy going somewhere or coming back.



The telephone has proved a time-saving medium of communication. It is in constant use. But it is a poor makeshift for a friendly chat, face to face. The multiplication of mechanical devices in our homes has made us much more self-sufficient; but, inevitably, with a loss of opportunities for neighborly helpfulness. The radio and other instrumentalities of home entertainment have widened the range of our cultural pleasures; but they have caused us to withdraw more and more from personal associations with our neighbors.

There is so much of fine friendliness, of human kinship in its highest sense, embodied in true neighborliness that a real effort should be made to preserve it from becoming a mere word, threatened with obsolescence. And fraternal organizations, such as the Order of Elks, are splendid agencies through which that effort may be most effective.

Fraternal associations, incident to a mutuality of interest and fostered by a common purpose, create a distinctive atmosphere; and they constitute a basis for a neighborhood relationship, the identity of interests and purposes taking the place of proximity of residences. It presents a fine field in which all that is sweetest and best in true neighborliness may be, and should be, cultivated. It is in that field, so cultivated, that we may find the most acceptable substitute for that neighborliness which, unfortunately, modern conditions have already made somewhat old-fashioned, and which is rapidly becoming a mere pleasant memory.

## BE A BULL ELK

■ We not infrequently hear one member of the Order refer to another as a real Bull Elk. The designation is intended to be affectionately complimentary; to indicate sturdy masculinity and the possession of praiseworthy fraternal attributes. One so referred to is certain to be a good fellow who exemplifies the cardinal virtues of the Order in his daily life.

But there is another meaning which might be given to the term, borrowed from the language of the stock market. And it would be a happy condition if more of our members could have the term justly applied to them with that particular significance.

There are too many who are inclined to be pessimistic about our fraternity. They are Bear Elks. Not purposely, of course, but none the less, actually; they are depressing our fraternal values. Their critical attitude, their lack of confidence in the future, their fear of a loss of strength, their lack of courage, is, in effect, a continuing bear raid in our fraternal market.

What we need are more Bull Elks; members whose faith in the future is born of a confidence in the soundness and efficacy of fraternity generally, and of the Order of Elks in particular; members whose courage is undaunted and whose loyalty is militant, aggressive and constructive.

In that sense the term would be welcomed to a much more general use.





# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Broughton Guest of Illinois Elks

A SUDDEN illness recently forced Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, the intended guest of honor, to be absent from a meeting of Elks representing all the Lodges of the Northeast District of Illinois, held at the Home of Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295. In appreciation of the extent of the preparations which had been made for the event and of the enthusiasm which announcement of his presence had evoked, the Grand Exalted Ruler, rather than disappoint the gathering, delegated Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton to appear in his stead. Mr. Broughton, despite the fact that he was not notified until one o'clock in the afternoon, traveled the two hundred miles from his home in Sheboygan, Wis., to Oak Park in time to arrive at the hour fixed for the opening of festivities. As the special representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Broughton later made the principal address of the evening, at the Lodge session. This gathering was distinguished by the presence of many other Elks of note, including Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers C. J. Schulenburg, D. C. Burnett and James Finnen; and President J. F. Mohan and Secretary Nelson H. Millard, of the Illinois State Elks Association.

### Four Brothers Are Initiated By Washington, N. J., Lodge

Four brothers were inducted in a group into Washington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1563, at a recent meeting. Three of them were received as new members of the Order. The fourth was dismissed from East Orange Lodge, No. 630. All are prominent citizens of the community. They are Dr. Edgar White, who established the Broadway farm several years ago; Henry White, Loan Officer; Stanley White, a civil engineer; and Ewart J. White, the former member of East Orange Lodge, a stock broker.

### 3 Big Events at Miami, Fla., Lodge Within 24 Hours

Within a period of twenty-four hours, members of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, took part recently in three events of exceptional interest. First of these was the Lodge session at which the Elks of 948 welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Caspian Hale, upon the occasion of his official visit. An outstanding feature of this meeting was the initiation into the Lodge of one of the largest classes in several years, a group comprising thirty-seven candidates. In honor of the then Governor-elect of Florida, David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, the class was named for him. Mr. Sholtz, since installed as chief executive of his State, was one of the three hundred Elks to witness the ceremonies of initiation. Upon the adjournment of the meeting, a brilliant Charity Ball was held in the patio of the Coral Gables Country Club. Under the able direction of Clarence L. Wheat and the members of the committee assisting

him, the affair, attended by eight hundred persons, proved not only an exceptional social success but one to earn a substantial sum for the furtherance of the Lodge's charitable work. The third event of the twenty-four hours of activity at Miami Lodge occurred the following evening when, by special permission of Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, No. 948 conducted Memorial Services in public. The ceremonies were held outdoors, in the great auditorium of Bayfront Park, on Biscayne Bay. Six thousand persons attended the services. Governor-elect Sholtz, the principal speaker, delivered a moving and forceful address.

### Ocala, Fla., Elks Hosts to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews was the guest of honor at a meeting recently of Ocala, Fla., Lodge, No. 286, and, in the course of the session, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. In addition to the distinction of its principal guest, the occasion was noteworthy for its initiation ceremonies. These were conducted by a Degree Team from Daytona Lodge, No. 1141.

### Prizes, Dates Announced For Elks Bowling Tournament

Diamond medals will be awarded to champions in the several events to be decided at the sixteenth annual tournament of the Elks Bowling Association of America in March. The tournament will be held in Indianapolis, under the auspices of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13. In addition to medals there will be prizes of cash, these to be divided between the two classes, the Regular and the Good-Fellowship. Only bowlers who have not scored places in the Regular class will be eligible for Good-Fellowship prizes. Announcement of these facts was made recently by officials of the Association, of which Dr. Samuel Sher, of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, is President; and John J. Gray, of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, is Secretary. Other information revealed at the same time concerning the tourna-

ment, which is sanctioned by the American Bowling Congress, included the fact that the competition would open March 18 and close April 9. Entries close March 1. Play will take place at the alleys of the Jesse Pritchett Recreation Plant in Indianapolis. Any further information may be had by communicating with Secretary Gray, at 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee.

### New Orleans, La., Lodge Is Gaining in Membership

By means of systematic plan, thorough-going procedure and enduring enthusiasm New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, is steadily building up its membership. Under the direction of a Ways and Means Committee, of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan is Chairman, every suitable prospect for membership, whether a former Elk or a likely new candidate, is being reached. An example of the extent to which the committee has gone in this respect is found in its issuance recently of a ninety-eight page pamphlet for the use of workers for membership. This volume contains the name and address of every Elk who has dimitted from No. 30 since 1919, as well as the names of new prospects of the standard required by the Lodge. The committee itself is divided into teams, each with a captain. Every member, besides receiving the large membership pamphlet, is given regularly a smaller list of names for intensive inquiry. These are provided at the weekly luncheons for campaigners, affairs usually attended by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, and report is made upon progress at the next ensuing luncheon. Although the campaign has been handicapped by an influenza epidemic and by the interruption of the holidays, the results up to the present are reported to be highly satisfactory. Two hundred and fifty applications have been received.

### Charity Carnival of Baker, Ore., Lodge Benefits Needy

For the needy within and near its city, Baker, Ore., Lodge, No. 338, recently earned a large sum of money at its fifth annual Charity Carnival. Proceeds were derived from a large attendance of the affair by the public and from a generous purchase of advertising space in the carnival program by the merchants of Baker.

### Roanoke, Va., Elks Hosts to Residents of National Home

More than four hundred residents at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., were the guests at a Christmas party given there by the members of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197. The Home, decked with Christmas greens and bright with lights, presented a truly festive appearance upon the occasion. To every resident a gift was presented by Exalted Ruler L. G. Muse, in behalf of the Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Morris L. Masinter acted as master



The officers of Washington, N. J., Lodge and the four brothers—Henry, Stanley, Ewart J., and Dr. Edgar White—whom they initiated in a group at a recent meeting



of ceremonies during the program of entertainment. This included music and several special dance numbers. The affair at the National Home was one of two of unusual interest to take place in the life of Roanoke Lodge within the recent past. An earlier event was the annual charity ball, the sixth of a series, held in Roanoke. Fifteen hundred persons attended the dance. The entire proceeds of the affair are to be devoted to the welfare and relief enterprises of No. 197.

### **Aurora, Ill., Lodge Entitled To One-Star Honor Rating**

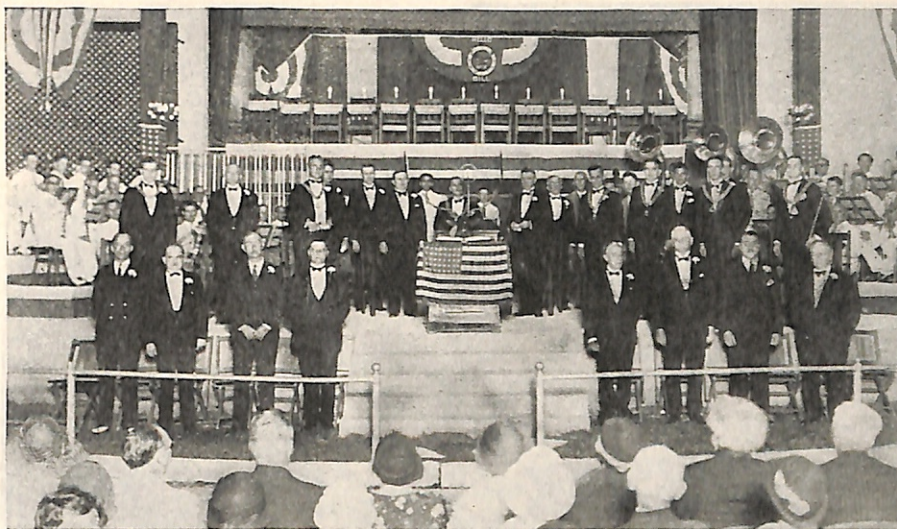
THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to take this opportunity to publish a correction in regard to the record of Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, in the recent re-instatement campaign urged upon all Lodges of the Order by Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. A list of the results of the Lodges' efforts appeared in the December issue. From this Aurora Lodge seemingly was omitted. This was due, however, to a typographical error, wherein the Lodge was referred to as "Amora, Ill." Lodge. Aurora Lodge increased its membership by fifty-seven. This, in proportion to its membership as of April 1, 1932, represented an increase of six per cent; and entitled No. 705 to be placed upon the honor roll of one-star Lodges, those showing increases of between five and ten per cent.

### **Grand Tiler Schocke Visits Several New York Lodges**

In the interest of the rehabilitation of membership, Grand Tiler Henry Schocke recently made a series of visits to a number of Lodges in the Central District of New York. Upon this tour he was accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Samuel D. Matthews and P. W. Devendorf and President James H. Mackin, Vice-President J. B. Keane and Trustee Eugene F. Sullivan, of the New York State Elks Association. The Lodges upon which the Grand Tiler called included those of Ilion, Utica, Watertown, Rome, Fulton and Oswego.

### **Rome, N. Y., Elks Hold Their First Meeting in \$20,000 Lodge Room**

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Samuel D. Matthews and, in honor of the occasion, the initiation of a class of nineteen candidates were incidents of note at a recent meeting of Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, which marked the opening of its new



*The public memorial services of Miami, Fla., Lodge. They were held outdoors, before a gathering of 6000 persons. David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee (at left of the altar), was the principal speaker*

Lodge-room. This room is in a recently completed annex to the Home. It is a story and a half in height, a structure built of brick and roofed with copper. Its dimensions are sixty by fifty feet. The Lodge has funds on deposit for the \$20,000 which the annex cost. Two hundred Elks attended the first meeting in the new Lodge-room. Among them were, besides Mr. Mathews, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. B. Manion and C. T. Lanigan; and visitors from Herkimer, Ilion and Utica Lodges.

### **"Shoe Plan," New Welfare Idea At Gardner, Mass., Lodge**

At the suggestion of Exalted Ruler Ralph Curcio and under the direction of its Charity Committee, Gardner, Mass., Lodge, No. 1426, recently inaugurated a new welfare enterprise known as "the shoe plan." This consists first of distributing to every teacher in the Gardner public schools a booklet upon whose pages are forms for the writing in of specifications of sizes of shoes. Teachers are asked to examine the footwear of the pupils periodically and, wherever it is noticed that a child needs shoes and it is found he cannot buy them, to fill out a page from the booklet giving the size of shoe required and the name and address of the pupil. The slip is then forwarded to the

Lodge, which purchases shoes and delivers them to the child's parents.

### **Marion, Ohio, Elks and Visitors Greet District Deputy O'Leary**

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler T. A. O'Leary made his official call not long ago upon the membership of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, a feature of the reception in his honor was the performance of a drill team composed of ladies associated with Lorain Lodge, No. 1301. Although Lorain is more than a hundred miles distant from Marion, a group of thirty-four persons, comprising members of No. 1301 and the drill team, made the journey. The ladies, in military costume, gave an exhibition both smart and precise. Besides the Lorain Elks, there were present upon the occasion delegations representing Galion, Willard, Bucyrus, Elyria and Upper Sandusky Lodges. Before the Lodge meeting, at which initiation ceremonies were performed, a banquet was served to 200 guests.

### **Oneida, N. Y., Lodge Hears Speech by Governor Lehman**

The then Governor-elect and the present Governor of New York, Herbert H. Lehman, was the guest a short time ago of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, No. 767. Upon his arrival in the city, Mr. Lehman was saluted with a salvo of cannon fire and escorted to the meeting by the Bugle Corps of Oneida Post No. 169 of the American Legion, six times champions of the State. To the large gathering of Elks assembled in his honor upon the occasion, Mr. Lehman delivered a splendid address.

### **Petoskey, Mich., Elks Sponsor Concert for Charity Fund**

Petoskey, Mich., Lodge, No. 629, for the benefit of its charity fund, recently sponsored a concert by a famous symphonic band of thirty pieces. The entertainment, held in the auditorium of the high school, was exceptionally successful. The reputation of the musical organization, together with moderate prices of admission to the concert, brought forth an attendance that exceeded expectations.

### **Ionia, Mich., Lodge Honors Lieut.-Gov.-elect Stebbins**

State and city officials and Elks of prominence were among the many members of Ionia, Mich., Lodge, No. 548, to gather recently at a testimonial banquet to one of their number, the Honorable Allen E. Stebbins, Lieutenant-Governor-elect of the State. Speakers upon the occasion included former Governor Fred W.

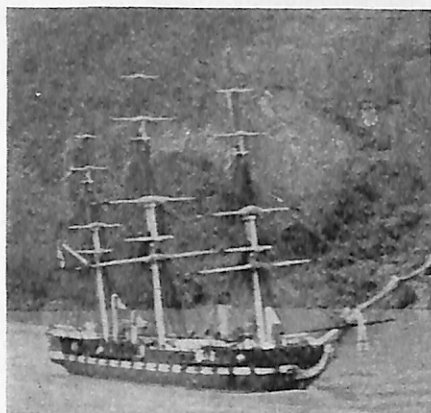
## **The Christmas Charities of Subordinate Lodges**

SINCE the holidays, we have received from Lodges in every part of the country numberless reports of their Christmas charity activities. Such enterprises, together with those associated with Thanksgiving Day, constitute some of the most admirable and grateful manifestations of the spirit animating our great Order. This is particularly true in the instance of the Christmas just past, one terminating a year of uncommon economic straits.

To every one of these wholehearted acts of kindness on the part of the Lodges we wish we might devote a report in keeping with its inestimable worth. There are, however, nearly 1,600 Lodges in the Order and there is hardly one that did not do its bit this year, as it has done every year before, at Christmas. To publish accounts of the work of all these Lodges, the Magazine obviously has not the space. To publish only a few accounts and not to give notice to the many hundreds of others equally commendable, it would obviously be unfair for the Magazine to do.

We can do only this little in recognition of the great and tangible generosity the Lodges have displayed at Christmas toward those in their community who so genuinely needed the evidence of a helping hand and a cheering word: express herewith our pride at being the official organ of a fraternity whose Christmas spirit is one of the most inspiring incidents of that universal holiday.





The officers of Panama Canal Zone, C. Z., Lodge aboard the frigate Constitution. The inset shows "Old Ironsides" passing through the Gaillard cut of the Canal. The funnel of the modern tug conveying her appears aft of the foremast



Green, State Treasurer Howard C. Lawrence, Mayor Peter P. Gray of Lansing, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Claude E. Cady, United States Representative-elect for the Sixth District of Michigan.

#### **Fremont, Nebr., Elks Gather 4,000 Articles for Charity**

Four thousand articles, chiefly of food and clothing, were contributed recently by those who attended the Charity Party of Fremont, Nebr., Lodge, No. 514. They were given later to the needy of the community. The food-stuffs included fifty bushels of potatoes, twenty pounds of coffee and three hundred pounds of flour. Among the things to wear were four hundred pairs of shoes, fifty-five overcoats and sixty-eight suits. The Lodge gave the edibles to the Ladies' Charity Club for distribution, and the garments and shoes to the Salvation Army for similar disposal.

#### **Ajo, Ariz., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy Cousar**

Ajo, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1576, recently welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. M. Cousar, upon the occasion of his official visit. After the termination of an unusually enthusiastic meeting, a buffet supper was served. At this the District Deputy was the principal guest. Places of honor also were accorded the members of No. 1576's Reinstatement Committee, whose work has been especially commendable.

#### **Blind Member of Gardner, Mass., Lodge Reports Its Anniversary**

T. Francis Roark, a member of Gardner, Mass., Lodge, No. 1426, is blind. But so devoted is he to the interests of his Lodge that he recently undertook to write, in long hand, for THE ELKS MAGAZINE an account of No. 1426's eleventh anniversary. Although Mr. Roark added at the conclusion of his account of the event, "Pardon this scrawl, but is the best I can do, as I am blind," it was not until this was read that the editors realized the letter had been composed by one who was sightless. The writing was clearly legible. Of the anniversary, Mr. Roark said, in part: "It was in the nature of a family party, to which

the members of the family were invited. The entertainment consisted of musical and vaudeville features, with oratory furnished by prominent visiting Elks; and several hours of dancing. Luncheon was served."

#### **Missoula, Mont., Elks Hosts To 800 Children at Theatre**

Missoula, Mont., Lodge, No. 383, recently was host to 800 children at a motion-picture theatre party. The affair took place in the morning, and comprised a two-hours' program of films. For many of the Elks' young guests, all from families in need, it was the first opportunity of their lives to see motion pictures.

#### **Patchogue, N. Y., Elks Thanked For Gift Made 17 Years Ago**

Seventeen years ago Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323, assisted a destitute widow at Christmas. Just before last Christmas the Lodge received a contribution from the same woman. Although still poor, she gave the substantial sum of five dollars, describing it modestly as a widow's mite. The letter which accompanied her donation said, in part: "This letter will prove to you that the money you put into Christmas baskets for the poor reaches far and wide, and does the good it is intended for in helping those who, at the time being, were unable to help themselves. . . . I thank your Lodge for sending me a Christmas basket seventeen years ago from the Patchogue Lodge. I am still poor, but not poverty poor; and I am enclosing the 'widow's mite' to help your Christmas fund."

#### **Charity Ball of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Exceeds Hopes**

More than twice as successful as was expected and four times as productive of results as was last year's affair, was the recent annual Charity Ball of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86. Admission to the ball this year was either a dollar in cash or a dollar's worth of foodstuffs, and the proceeds of the entertainment were to be devoted entirely to a distribution of food among the needy of the city. It was estimated that enough food would be obtained to care for 500 families. This was nearly two hundred more than actually were helped the year before. To the delight of the

committee in charge, however, when the affair was over, it was discovered that sufficient money and food had been collected to provide relief for 1,200 families.

#### **District Deputy J. M. Kelly Visits Washington, Pa., Lodge**

Twenty-five members of his own Lodge, Sheraden, Pa., No. 949, composed an escort of honor to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James M. Kelly when he made an official visit a short time ago to Washington Lodge, No. 776. Mr. Kelly's suite, together with sixty-five visitors from other Lodges and more than one hundred and fifty members of No. 776, brought the total number of Elks assembled to well over 200. At the Lodge session, following the initiation of a class of candidates, Mr. Kelly paid especial tribute to the fraternal devotion of the Lodge's Secretary, William D. Hancher, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. At the meeting, in addition to the District Deputy and Mr. Hancher, were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Brown, Past President John F. Nugent, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and President James A. Ellis, of the Elks Pennsylvania Southwest District Association.

#### **Port Angeles, Wash., Officers and Glee Club Visit Aberdeen Elks**

The officers and the Glee Club of Port Angeles, "Naval," Wash., Lodge, No. 353, traveled nearly four hundred miles a short time ago to make a fraternal call upon the membership of Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593. In honor of their visitors, the Aberdeen Elks arranged a banquet at the Home. The Glee Club responded by presenting a splendid program of vocal music.

#### **Bend, Ore., Elks Give Variety To Meetings of Lodge**

Bend, Ore., Lodge, No. 1371, upon the suggestion of Exalted Ruler N. H. Gilbert, recently inaugurated a plan for imparting variety both to the formal meetings of the Lodge and to the period of entertainment thereafter. Every Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge has been invited to preside upon a certain night at the Lodge session and furthermore has been empowered to have charge of the social period. Trial of the plan has proven it a success.

#### **With Cards, Crawfordsville, Ind., Elks Receive Copies of Essay**

To impress upon each member the significance of his affiliation with the Order, Secretary E. B. Moore, of Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 483, when he sends members their paid-up cards, encloses a copy of the essay, "My Membership Card in the Elks," by Robert S. Barrett, member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. This article, written by Mr. Barrett at the time he was Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, appeared first in the January, 1932, issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

#### **500 at Decatur, Ill., Elks' Stag Dinner; Charities Benefit**

Five hundred Elks attended the Stag Dinner and Entertainment given recently at the Home of Decatur, Ill., Lodge, No. 401. This large number was attracted not only by the promise of the pleasure of the affair but also by the announcement before its occurrence that the proceeds would be devoted to charities.

#### **Odd Story Attached to Card of Late White Plains, N. Y., Elk**

Members of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, suffered a severe loss a short time ago through the death of one of their number, John



Avery Nathans, a Charter Member. The number of Mr. Nathan's card was 10, and to it is attached an unusual story. In 1918, when Mr. Nathans was a member of the American Expeditionary Forces on the Western front, he lost the card. It was found by Corporal William A. Smith, of Butchery Company 306, Quartermaster Corps, who was a personal friend of Mr. Nathan, and a member of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885. Mr. Smith returned the card to White Plains Lodge, inasmuch as he had no means of finding its owner in France. The letter which he wrote to the Lodge, together with the card, were placed in a frame in the Home, and there have been displayed ever since.

### **District Deputy Finds Bangor, Me., Lodge in Good Condition**

In better financial condition than it has been for several years, and displaying an enthusiasm, among both the officers and members, that promises a steady and strong fraternal growth, is Bangor, Me., Lodge, No. 244. This is the comment made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Samuel Hillson, following his recent official visitation to No. 244.

### **Italian Members of Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge Hosts to Others**

An outstanding event in the social life of Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge, No. 1388, to take place recently was a dinner at which members of Italian parentage were hosts to the other members of the Lodge. The committee in charge, under the Chairmanship of Angelo Colacci, arranged a splendid program of music and other entertainment, in addition to an especially enjoyable feast. The principal speaker of the evening was Judge Nicholas J. Albano, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, who presented to Past Exalted Ruler Sylvester J. Zanelli, the only Lodge officer of Italian blood, a token of esteem from his compatriots. Other guests of note among the two hundred to attend the affair were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James V. Harkins and Vice-President Edward L. Grimes, of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

### **Two Prominent Binghamton, N. Y., Elks Die Within Hour**

Within the span of a single hour and, in both instances, of heart disease, two of the most prominent members of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852, died recently. They were P. Joseph Congdon, a charter member and, at the time of his death Superintendent of the Mails at Binghamton; and former Lieutenant-Governor Harry C. Walker. Their loss to the Lodge



*The Home of Scottsbluff, Nebr., Lodge and the sign advertising the soup kitchen in it, where more than a hundred persons have been fed daily*

was a severe one. Both Mr. Walker and Mr. Congdon were active in fraternal orders besides the Elks. Mr. Walker was Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of the United States and Mr. Congdon was Past Master of the Fourth Degree Chapter of the Eighth New York District of the Knights of Columbus. Among Elks of note to attend Mr. Walker's funeral at the Masonic Temple was President James H. Mackin, of the New York State Elks Association.

### **Soup Kitchen of Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge Stops Begging**

As one of four main charitable enterprises for the winter, Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, recently opened a soup kitchen, in association with the Salvation Army. At the first meal, the kitchen fed seventy-five destitute men and women. Since its institution, panhandling and begging at restaurants, hospitals and homes have virtually disappeared in Grand Forks. The Lodge voted to undertake this means of feeding the penniless and hungry after it had heard a report of Past Exalted Ruler Philip R. Bangs, in charge of No. 255's charities' work.

### **Charity Matinee of Suffolk, Va., Elks Brings Results**

Food enough to feed more than fifty families, a carload of second-hand clothing, ten cases of shoes and a large supply of wood and coal were collected recently at a Charity Matinee sponsored by Suffolk, Va., Lodge, No. 685. Admission to the theatre where the entertainment took place was a quantity of any of the articles mentioned.

### **Rome, N. Y., Elks Chosen to Administer Relief Fund**

Evidence of the citizens' esteem of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 66, appeared a short time ago when this organization was asked to administer a monthly charity fund of \$500 subscribed by the employees of the Rome State School. This is a State institution for the care and treatment of mental defectives. It has a staff of 500 persons. These, knowing of the extent of need in their city and feeling that they, especially secure as State workers, should share their incomes with those in want, agreed not long ago to give \$500 a month for relief.

The sum was easily collected. But its proper dispensation presented a problem. This was solved when, upon invitation, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Rome Lodge agreed to undertake the task of disposing of the money where it would do the greatest good. The record of the Lodge during the year before, when it had continued into May, the welfare activities which it usually confined to the Christmas holidays, recommended the organization of the Elks. The result is that today the Committee is in charge of the State School employees' relief enterprise.

### **District Deputy Haffner Guest Of Clarksburg, W. Va., Elks**

Nearly two hundred Elks assembled not long ago at the Home of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler S. B. Haffner, making his official visit. Their number included not only a large representation of the host Lodge, but also visiting delegations from Elkins Lodge, No. 1135, and from Fairmont Lodge, No. 294.

### **Soup Kitchen of Scottsbluff, Nebr., Elks Feeds 138 Daily**

At the Soup Kitchen which it established a short time ago in its Home, Scottsbluff, Nebr., Lodge, No. 1367, has been feeding an average of one hundred and thirty-eight needy persons daily. Applicants for meals upon the opening day of the kitchen were only sixty. But within a day or two, the number had risen to ninety-six; and not long thereafter, to two hundred and twenty-four. Members of the Lodge have asked, through the newspapers, that children especially among those who are hungry, come to the kitchen. And for the youngsters United States Representative-elect Terry Carpenter, Esteemed Leading Knight of No. 1367, gave to the kitchen three hundred pounds of candy, two boxes of oranges and five bushels of apples.

### **Elks Honor Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Broughton**

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton recently was honored by Wisconsin Elks at a banquet held in the Sheboygan Association of Commerce rooms. Approximately 200 persons, in addition to the band of Appleton Lodge, No. 337, an organization of forty musicians, attended the dinner. Among

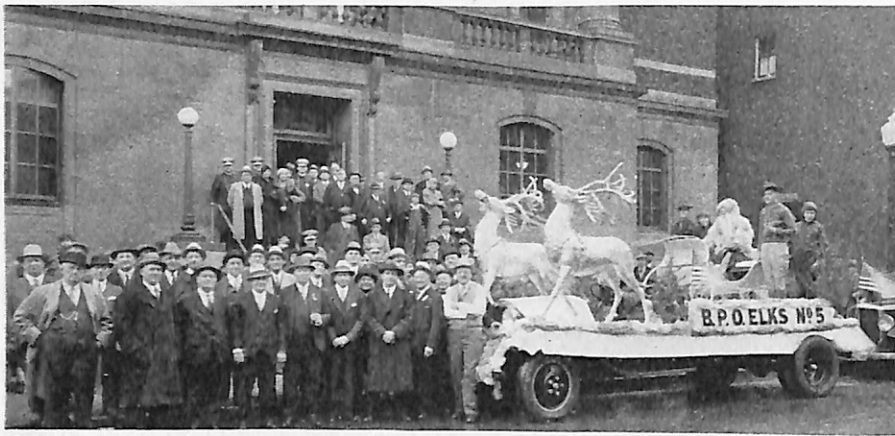
### **To All Members**

**C**ONGRESS has just enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address filed with the Post-office.

This law will place an annual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member will immediately notify THE ELKS MAGAZINE or his Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary in this regard, and notify him at once of your new address.





Cincinnati, O., Lodge's float which tours the city every year during the holiday season

the tributes paid to Mr. Broughton were those of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. J. Geniesse; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William F. Schad; President J. W. Selbach; Past President E. W. Mackey; Secretary Theodore E. Benfey; and Chaplain R. v. H. Halinde, of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, Circuit Judges Clayton Van Pelt and Edward Voigt, and Chauncey Yockey, Exalted Ruler, and P. J. Kelly, Secretary of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46.

### Marlborough, Mass., Lodge Greets District Deputy McHugh

At a meeting noteworthy for its large attendance, for the prominence of many who took part in it, and for the presence of numerous visitors from other Lodges, Marlborough, Mass. Lodge, No. 1239, recently welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Bernard S. McHugh when he made his official visit. Of prominence among the Elks assembled were E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers M. T. Burke, T. J. Brady and F. B. Twitchell.

### Chicago, Ill., Elks Enjoy New Form of Entertainment

An innovation in entertainment and one which stimulated attendance, provided excitement and enriched the charity fund, was recently introduced at Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, by its Lodge Activities Committee. Announcement of the event stated simply that it would be a Surprise Party. When the members assembled, they discovered that for a small fee they were privileged to draw for a number of turkeys, ducks, capons, chickens,

hams and packages of sausages. There was also a grand prize of a suckling pig. The winner of this, Joseph Rubenstein, turned it back to the Lodge with the request that it be put up for raffle, and the proceeds be given to the Charity Fund. This was done, and a substantial additional sum was accumulated.

### Vallejo, Calif., Elks Charity Ball Biggest in City's History

The largest dance ever known in the history of Vallejo, Calif., was the recent Elks Public Charity Ball of Vallejo Lodge, No. 559. In expectation of a numerous attendance, the Veterans' Memorial Building, a structure providing the most extensive floor space in the city, was engaged for the affair. But its facilities were taxed to the utmost upon the evening of the dance, when fifteen hundred persons took part in the festivities. An orchestra of twenty-two pieces, supplied by Musicians' Local, No. 367, of Vallejo and representing the four outstanding musical units of the city, played without charge.

### Oswego, N. Y., Elks Entertain Grand Tiler Henry Schocke

One hundred members of the Order assembled a short time ago at a banquet at the Home of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, an affair given in honor of Grand Tiler Henry Schocke. With Mr. Schocke were the officers of his Lodge, Oneida Lodge, No. 767. At the Lodge meeting which the dinner preceded, they conducted initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates. Besides the Grand Tiler, guests of distinction included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Grover C. Ingersoll and Clinton H. Hulett, and President James H. Mackin, of the New York State Elks Association.

### Bandmaster Would Train Lodge Band in Return for Position

Capt. L. Luman Miller, a member in good standing of Salamanca, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1025, and a bandmaster of many years' experience, has asked THE ELKS MAGAZINE to state for him that he would like to exchange his services in training the band of a subordinate Lodge for the assurance of a position in business. Captain Miller has toured the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Central and South America with his band, and in the course of his extensive travels in this country has visited a large number of Elks Lodges. He may be addressed at Box 33, East Randolph, N. Y.

### Banquet February 18 Will Mark 65th Anniversary of Order

The sixty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Order and of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, will be celebrated this year at a banquet at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, February 18. Past Exalted Ruler James E. McDonald is Chairman of the Banquet Committee.

### Christian F. Schrader, Father Of F. J. Schrader, Is Dead

Christian F. Schrader, father of Florance J. Schrader, assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, died at his home in Pittsburgh recently at the age of ninety. The elder Mr. Schrader was born in Hamburg, Germany, and for the last seventy years has been a resident of Pittsburgh. He was a member of Allegheny Lodge, No. 339, of which his son is a Past Exalted Ruler. Two other sons, Fred W. and Edward F. Schrader, his widow, and a daughter, Mrs. Hannah Dilley, survive him. To them as well as to the members of Mr. Schrader's Lodge, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to take this opportunity to express its heartfelt sympathy in their loss.

### Governor Sholtz, of Florida, Appoints Elks to Staff

David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, was inaugurated on January 4, at the capitol at Tallahassee, as the twenty-sixth Governor of Florida. Chief executive of his State at the age of forty-one, Mr. Sholtz is one of the youngest Governors in the nation. Among the appointments which he announced soon after taking office were those composing his personal staff. As Colonels, Governor Sholtz placed prominent Elks upon the roster. Notable among them were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Rush L. Holland, John P. Sullivan, Walter P. Andrews, and Joseph T. Fanning.

## A Candidate for Grand Lodge Office

SEATTLE, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, at its regular meeting held December 29, 1932, unanimously endorsed Walter F. Meier for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler at the election to be held at the Grand Lodge Convention in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, next July.

Mr. Meier was initiated into Seattle Lodge on October 23, 1919, and at once identified himself with its activities. He delivered the Memorial address for his Lodge in December, 1920, and was elected Esteemed Leading Knight in March, 1921. The following year he was elected Exalted Ruler, and also the Second Vice-President of the Washington State Elks' Association. In 1923, he attended the Grand Lodge Convention held at Atlanta, Georgia, as the delegate from his Lodge; was regularly advanced to the office of First Vice-President of the State Association, and appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland as District Deputy Grand Exalted

Ruler for the district of Washington, Northwest. In 1924, he was elected President of the State Association, and organized the movement resulting in the subsequent erection, in Seattle, by the Elks of the State, of a convalescent home for crippled children. At the Grand Lodge Convention held at Portland, Oregon, in July, 1925, he was elected Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight. The following year he was appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell as a Justice of the Grand Forum for a five-year term and served as its Chief Justice during the year 1930-1931. While serving as a member of the Grand Forum, Mr. Meier compiled the opinions, theretofore rendered by that body from its organization upon the adoption of the new Constitution by the Grand Lodge in 1907, down to and including those rendered in 1928. This compilation, consisting of 635 pages, was officially adopted by the Grand Lodge at the

Miami Convention in 1928. In 1931, Mr. Meier served as a member of the Committee of Seven, appointed by his Lodge to handle the Seattle Convention of the Grand Lodge. During the year 1931-1932, he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and had active charge of drafting the legislation enacted by the Grand Lodge at Birmingham, Alabama, last July.

Mr. Meier is a member of the Bar in his State, and during his career he has rendered public service for eight consecutive years, first as Chief Deputy Prosecuting Attorney for King County, and then as Corporation Counsel of Seattle, to which latter position he was twice elected. He also was elected and served as a member, and the chairman, of the Seattle Freeholders Charter Revision Commission, chosen by the people to propose a new Charter for the city.



# The New Year's Tragedy at Vallejo

WITHIN the first few hours of the New Year, tragedy of shocking degree and extent befell the Order when five members of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, were burned to death in a fire which completely destroyed the Lodge Home. A sixth member was seriously injured but is reported to be recovering. The Elks who lost their lives were asleep in the bachelor quarters of the Home when the conflagration, whose origin still is unknown, swept the building early Sunday morning, January 1. The dead are Past Exalted Ruler William H. Mitchell, a retired Mare Island Navy Yard employee; Ed. J. Gearing, a retired barber; George B. Swasey, caretaker of the Home; Frank Wiggins and E. A. Fogarty, employees at the Navy Yard. Thomas Gaffney, a retired Navy Yard employee, was severely burned.

An account of the catastrophe was tele-

graphed to THE ELKS MAGAZINE by Secretary W. F. Parker, of Vallejo Lodge, soon after its occurrence. Mr. Parker's message read:

"Fire, still unknown origin, completely destroyed building and contents of Vallejo Lodge, No. 559, B. P. O. Elks, Sunday morning, January 1st, 1933. Five members who occupied bachelor quarters on second and third floors, lost their lives. One member badly burned but improving now. Secretary's records and coin in cabinet safe were the only things to survive the fire. It is most comforting to learn of the sincere sympathy expressed and the great offers of assistance that have come by the thousands from Grand Lodge officers, sister Lodges, members and non-members, as well as other fraternal bodies and civic organizations. May we express to all through your most valuable magazine our sincere thanks. More

than ever we realize that Elksdom is worth while. Arrangements are under way for temporary quarters; and we will carry on with true Californian spirit for a better 559 and Elksdom in general."

To the expressions of sympathy to which Mr. Parker alludes THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to take this opportunity to add its own; to assure the members of the families of the Elks dead or injured, their fellow members of Vallejo Lodge and their friends elsewhere, that it mourns with them in their grief.

A few days after the Lodge tragedy, the Magazine has learned, Mrs. Emma T. Parker, Secretary Parker's mother, died in Fairfield, Calif. The Magazine desires to convey its condolence to him in his irreparable personal loss, one which must have been the more severe for its following so closely upon the fatal fire at the Home.

## News of the State Associations

### Nebraska

IN NEBRASKA there are about five thousand crippled children. Three out of every twenty of them have, within the last two years and a half, been examined at clinics sponsored jointly by the Nebraska State Elks Association and the Rehabilitation Division of the State Department of Vocational Education. These facts were revealed recently in the Department's official bulletin, "Vocational Education," forwarded to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, by Joseph G. Buch, General Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association. The extent of the work of the Nebraska Elks and their associates in behalf of physically handicapped boys and girls is disclosed not only by the numbers examined at the several clinics, but also by a summary of other facts related to the activity. These, given in the bulletin, show—in part—that five orthopedic surgeons have contributed seventeen full days' time and have traveled an average of three hundred and eighty miles at their own expense to make the clinics a success; and that three hundred and sixty other physicians and surgeons have given many hours in assistance. The result of such efforts has been that three hundred of the children examined either have received definite benefits from treatment or are at present undergoing especially arranged programs designed to bring them either a full or a partial degree of physical restoration.

### North Carolina

COMPLETION of the reorganization of the North Carolina State Elks Association, which dissolved in 1924, was effected recently at a meeting of one hundred and twenty-five members of the Order at the Home of Greensboro Lodge, No. 602. The Elks gathered in response to the invitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Shelby B. Caveness, who presided at the session as temporary chairman. An earlier reformatory assembly was called last spring by the then District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, R. E. Stevens. At this two officers were chosen: Grand Inner Guard Harry T. Paterson, as President; and T. B. Kehoe, as Secretary-Treasurer; and they were empowered to appoint a Board of Directors to draw up a constitution and by-laws for the Association. These articles were submitted to the recent meeting at Greensboro, and adopted. A second important accomplishment was the election of a complete staff of officers, to serve until the next annual convention of the Association. This will be held at Asheville in May, 1933. Those elected were Harry T.

Paterson, New Berne Lodge, No. 764, President; N. P. Mulvaney, Asheville Lodge, No. 1401, First Vice-President; M. L. Block, Goldsboro Lodge, No. 139, Second Vice-President; O. W. Patterson, Greensboro Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer; J. J. Morton, Charlotte Lodge, No. 392, Trustee for three years; W. C. Burns, High Point Lodge, No. 1155, Trustee for two years; and D. A. Morris, Durham Lodge, No. 568, Trustee for one year. President Paterson appointed W. C. Moore, New Berne Lodge, Sergeant-at-Arms; Rabbi M. P. Jacobson, Asheville Lodge, Chaplain; and Frank Hagan, Asheville Lodge, Tiler. Prominent among those to attend the meeting were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Burney, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Morton, D. W. Sorrell, E. G. West and J. R. McClamroch; and T. B. Kehoe, retiring Secretary-Treasurer of the Association. The Lodges represented were those of Asheville, Charlotte, High Point, Winston-Salem, Durham, Goldsboro, New Berne, Wilmington, and Greensboro.

### Massachusetts

PRESIDENT Michael H. McCarron, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, recently appointed a committee to arrange and conduct the reception and banquet to be given by the Association in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, February 21 in Boston. The Chairman of the Committee is Frank J. McHugh; the Secretary, Joseph F. Melly; the Treasurer, Bernard E. Carbin; and the members, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Edwin O. Childs, Thomas J. Brady, Bernard S. McHugh, Edward D. Larkin, Ned C. Loud, Ernest M. Torbet, John F. Burke, Raymond E. Henchey, James E. Donnelly and James A. Bresnahan.

### Membership and Population

OFFICERS of State Elks Associations should find interest in examining the following tabulation, prepared by a loyal member of the Order and forwarded to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. The figures disclose the number of Elks in the several States and groups of States in proportion to population.

State in Order of Standing	Population (in Units of Thousands)	Elks per Thousand of Population
1 Nevada.....	91	31.3
2 Idaho.....	445	18.5

3 Oregon.....	953	15.4
4 Arizona.....	435	13.8
5 Colorado.....	1,035	13.2
6 Montana.....	537	13.1
7 Washington.....	1,563	12.8
8 California.....	5,677	12.5
9 Wyoming.....	225	12.5
10 New Jersey.....	4,041	12.
11 Connecticut.....	1,606	10.9
12 New Hampshire.....	465	10.
13 Massachusetts.....	4,249	8.8
14 Utah.....	507	8.
15 South Dakota.....	692	7.9
16 Rhode Island.....	687	7.8
17 New York.....	12,588	7.1
18 Vermont.....	359	6.9
19 North Dakota.....	680	6.5
20 Indiana.....	3,238	6.1
21 Iowa.....	2,470	5.4
22 New Mexico.....	423	5.3
23 Ohio.....	6,046	5.3
24 Pennsylvania.....	9,631	5.2
25 Florida.....	1,468	5.
26 Wisconsin.....	2,939	4.5
27 Michigan.....	4,842	4.5
28 Maine.....	797	4.4
29 West Virginia.....	1,729	4.3
30 Nebraska.....	1,377	4.2
31 Kansas.....	1,880	3.9
32 Illinois.....	7,630	3.6
33 Virginia.....	2,421	3.3
34 Minnesota.....	2,563	3.
35 Maryland, D. C. and Delaware.....	2,355	2.9
36 Kentucky.....	2,614	1.9
37 Missouri.....	3,629	1.8
38 Tennessee.....	2,616	1.77
39 Louisiana.....	2,101	1.7
40 Texas.....	5,824	1.6
41 Oklahoma.....	2,396	1.5
42 Mississippi.....	2,000	1.
43 Georgia.....	2,908	.9
44 South Carolina.....	1,738	.9
45 Arkansas.....	1,854	.8
46 North Carolina.....	3,170	.6
47 Alabama.....	2,646	.5
	122,775	5.2

### 11 Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States

Arizona.....	435	13.8
California.....	5,677	12.5
Colorado.....	1,035	13.2
Idaho.....	445	18.5
Montana.....	537	13.1
Nevada.....	91	31.3
New Mexico.....	423	5.3
Oregon.....	953	15.4
Utah.....	507	8.0
Washington.....	1,563	12.8
Wyoming.....	225	12.5
	11,896	11.9
Percentage of Population.....		9 7/10%
Percentage of Elk Membership.....		22%

(Continued on page 46)



# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

## Lodges of the Southwest and the Far West Welcome Judge Thompson

**B**EFORE entering upon his series of official visits during December and the early part of January, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson devoted two days, the eighth and the ninth of the month, in Milwaukee, to conference upon arrangements for the Grand Lodge Convention. With him were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and John K. Burch, Chairman and Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees. It was determined that Grand Lodge headquarters at the convention would be located in the Hotel Schroeder. This establishment is conducted by a member of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46, Walter Schroeder. Upon the second day of his sojourn in Milwaukee, Judge Thompson addressed a gathering of one hundred civic leaders at the Home of No. 46.

On December 16, the Grand Exalted Ruler left Chicago for his journey to call upon Lodges in the southwest and the far west. Mrs. Thompson and their daughter, Miss Mary Ellen Thompson, accompanied him.

### The Initial Visit

**U**PON the afternoon of December 18, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge, No. 408. Exalted Ruler George A. Fleming who, together with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. L. Safford, was among those to greet Judge Thompson upon his arrival, presided at the assembly. Before the Lodge session, Judge Thompson was the guest of honor of Elks of Las Vegas and members of their families at a luncheon at the Castaneda Hotel. The seventy-five persons attending the affair included a delegation of members of Santa Fe Lodge, No. 460. The event was rendered the more enjoyable by the presentation of a program of music by the Normal University orchestra.

The Grand Exalted Ruler visited Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge, No. 460, upon the evening of December 18. From Las Vegas he was escorted by District Deputy Safford, Exalted Ruler B. A. Spears and Past Exalted Ruler R. P. Fullerton, together with a group of other members of No. 460. Judge Thompson spoke at Santa Fe to a large gathering of Elks and members of their families, at a banquet in his honor. Prominent among those to attend the affair were Howard M. Bickley, Daniel K. Sadler, John C. Watson and Andrew Hudspeth, Justices of the Supreme Court of New Mexico; and Hugh H. Williams, Chief Corporation Commissioner.

With an escort including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Safford and Past Exalted Ruler Fullerton, Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson was welcomed by two hundred members of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, on December 19. Prominent among those to voice the greetings of the Lodge and the city were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers B. Ruppe, senior Past Exalted Ruler of No. 461; and Francis E. Wood; Exalted Ruler Philip J. Hubbell, and Clinton P. Anderson, President of Rotary International. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. R.

Kleindienst and the officers of Winslow, Ariz., Lodge, No. 536, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler upon his arrival in their city, for an official visit to the Lodge. In his honor, one hundred Elks assembled in the evening at a banquet. Among them, besides members of No. 536, were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Loren W. Cress and Henry L. Albers, and Exalted Ruler Carl L. Dickinson, and Francis Decker, of Flagstaff Lodge, No. 499. A dance followed the dinner.

Before calling upon Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468, upon the evening of December 21, the Grand Exalted Ruler had the opportunity of visiting the Petrified Forest, which he pronounced an unforgettable sight. He was welcomed in the evening at a session of Kingman Lodge, speaking to one hundred and fifty members of the Order. Notable among those to welcome him were Frank B. Baptist, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. S. Miller, W. O. Ruggles, Paul H. Morton and Charles A. Dutton; W. S. Thompson, President of the Arizona State Elks Association; and fifteen of the twenty-four Past Exalted Rulers of No. 468.

The officers and a group of other members of Kingman Lodge conducted the Grand Exalted Ruler on December 22 to Bolder City and from there upon a tour of the Hoover Dam site. At luncheon the Elks were the guests of the Anderson brothers, who operate the commissary there. A sightseeing trip, under the direction of Frank Crowe, Superintendent and Chief Engineer of Construction, and a member of Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge, No. 1468, ensued. Those to accompany Judge Thompson included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. A. Dutton, President Thompson, Exalted Ruler K. W. Davidson, Past Exalted Rulers Ora G. Gruninger and D. W. Harris, and Treasurer W. J. Tarr, of Kingman Lodge; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. S. Miller, of Flagstaff Lodge; Ernest Hart, of the Arizona State Police; Asa Harris, County Road Foreman; and Ben Stromer, of the Highway department.

At Bolder City, Exalted Ruler J. Dayton Smith and other members of Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge, joined the Grand Exalted Ruler. They escorted him later to their Lodge, where he was the guest of honor at a banquet and the ensuing Lodge meeting. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Harley A. Harmon and Roy W. Martin were prominent among those in attendance.

### Arriving in California

**T**HE Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Los Angeles, Calif., on December 23, to spend the Christmas holidays with his brother, David E. Thompson, a member of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. Judge Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Thompson, of Whitehall, Ill., were visiting his brother at the same time. At the station, upon his arrival, the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by Michael F. Shannon, Justice of the Grand Forum; Past Chairman



*At the ranch of Adolph Camarillo (standing), a member of Oxnard, Calif., Lodge; Miss Carmen Camarillo and Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson take a short ride on two of Mr. Camarillo's famous troupe of white Arabian horses*

of the Board of Grand Trustees, Dr. Ralph Hagan; Past Grand Esquire John J. Doyle; and Exalted Ruler Marshall F. McComb and other officers and members of No. 99, including Robert S. Redington, who was delegated the Grand Exalted Ruler's special personal escort during his week of visits to Southern Californian Lodges.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Thompson were the guests upon the forenoon and a luncheon on December 26 of Adolph Camarillo, at his ranch near Oxnard. Present upon the occasion too were forty members of Mr. Camarillo's Lodge, Oxnard Lodge, No. 1443; and of Ventura Lodge, No. 1430, and their wives. Entertainment included a program of music, and an exhibition by Mr. Camarillo's troupe of six white Arabian horses. A delightful buffet luncheon was served at noon.

### In the South of the State

**H**ALTING en route for a brief call upon the membership of Ventura Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Santa Barbara Lodge, No. 613, the evening of December 26. At the meeting, attended by two hundred and fifty Elks, Exalted Ruler R. F. MacFarland presided. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Newton M. Todd introduced Judge Thompson.

Officers of every Lodge in the South Central District of the State were among the two hundred Elks who gathered at a banquet at the Home of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, the evening of December 27. To this affair, at which he was the guest of honor, Judge Thompson was escorted by Exalted Ruler E. M. Jones and Past Exalted Ruler George H. Stevenson. At the conclusion of the dinner, a parade formed to conduct the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Municipal Auditorium. The procession included in itself bands, drum corps and choral organizations representing Long Beach Lodge, Los Angeles Lodge, Glendale Lodge, No. 1289, Inglewood Lodge, No. 1492, Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415, Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, and San Fernando Lodge, No. 1539. Two thousand persons were assembled at the auditorium to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler's address. Exalted Ruler Jones presided. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas L. McFadden spoke to introduce Judge Thompson. The initiation of a class of candidates by the officers of San Pedro Lodge, No. 966, was a feature of the occasion. The memorable meeting was arranged by a committee of which Past Exalted Ruler A. Bruce Swope, of No. 888, was General Chairman. Notable among those to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler were Justice of the Grand Forum Michael F. Shannon, Clarence A.



Kaighin, member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; Albert D. Pearce, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Newton M. Todd; and President Horace H. Quinby and Past President Mifflin G. Potts, of the California State Elks Association.

Traveling toward Santa Ana, December 28, Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson made a brief visit to the Home of Anaheim Lodge, No. 1345.

Five hundred Elks gathered at the Home of Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge, No. 794, upon the evening of December 28, to welcome the official visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler. In addition to members of the host Lodge, there were present delegations representing Anaheim Lodge, No. 1345, Orange Lodge, No. 1475, Ontario Lodge, No. 1419, Riverside Lodge, No. 643, Redlands Lodge, No. 583, and San Bernardino Lodge, No. 836. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas L. McFadden introduced Judge Thompson. A dinner, at which the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor, preceded the Lodge session, at which Exalted Ruler G. B. Campbell presided. An entertainment followed. Features of the concluding event of the evening were musical programs rendered by the orchestra and the double quartet of Santa Ana Lodge.

The members of Oceanside Lodge, No. 1561, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler when he made a short call at the Home on the morning of December 29. At an open meeting, Judge Thompson spoke to a gathering of Elks and other citizens of Oceanside.

As the guest of San Diego Lodge, No. 168, the Grand Exalted Ruler made a short trip into Lower California, Mexico, after leaving Oceanside. He was taken upon a tour of the resort of Agua Caliente and Tia Juana, staying long enough to have luncheon and attend the races. In the evening, at the Home of No. 168, the "Battling Bills" of the Lodge were his hosts at a banquet. A meeting of the Lodge, attended by 750 members of the Order, followed. This number included representatives of many Lodges of the Imperial Valley. Exalted Ruler Lisle K. Williams occupied the chair. Eugene Daney, who was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, when California was a single Grand Lodge District, introduced Judge Thompson to the assemblage.

### Later Californian Calls

WITH District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler McFadden and officers of San Diego Lodge serving as an escort, Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson traveled to Riverside on December 30 for a call upon Lodge No. 643. Entertainment in his honor included a luncheon, at which Exalted Ruler O. R. Vanderhoof presided; and a visit to the art galleries of the city and the Mission Inn.

With Exalted Ruler John Anderson presiding, members of Glendale Lodge, No. 1280, were hosts to the Grand Exalted Ruler at a luncheon at the Home on December 31. In the afternoon Mr. Thompson and members of his family were the guests of Albert D. Pearce, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and Mrs. Pearce, at their residence. In the evening, they were entertained at a dinner party given by Past Grand Trustee Dr. Ralph Hagan and William Boyd at the Home of Los Angeles Lodge.

One hundred and fifty members of Santa Barbara Lodge, No. 613, were hosts to the Grand Exalted Ruler at a luncheon at the Home on January 2. A notable guest, besides Judge Thompson, was Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott. The Santa Barbara Elks entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Pittsburgh-Southern California football game at the Rose Bowl in the afternoon.

Leaving California for visits in Texas and Louisiana, the Grand Exalted Ruler stopped for a short visit, on January 3, to the Tuberculosis Hospital for Elks, maintained by the Arizona State Elks Association and situated near Tucson, Ariz. He was met at the railroad station by Jacob Gunst, Chairman of the



Prominent Elks of Southern California with Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson (third from left), at the banquet in his honor at the Home of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge

Hospital Board and Past President of the Association; and by Exalted Ruler William I. Walsh and other members of Tucson Lodge, No. 385.

El Paso, Tex., Lodge, No. 187, welcomed Judge Thompson upon the evening of the 3rd. A feature of the occasion was the Grand Exalted Ruler's address to two hundred members of No. 187, and their wives. Exalted Ruler George L. McCann presided; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jack Burke spoke for the Lodge in response to Judge Thompson's gracious remarks. Visitors of prominence included Past Exalted Rulers C. B. Holt and Max J. Goldenberg, of Tucumcari, N. M., Lodge, No. 1172.

### At the Carlsbad Caverns

AS the guest of members of El Paso Lodge and of Carlsbad, N. M., Lodge, No. 1558, Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson was conducted on January 4 upon a tour of the famous Carlsbad Caverns. His chief guide was Colonel Thomas Boles, Superintendent of the caverns. The group to accompany Judge Thompson included Exalted Ruler McCann and Past Exalted Rulers H. E. Christie and V. B. Andreas, of El Paso Lodge; and Exalted Ruler George A. Fesler and Past Exalted Ruler Joseph Wertheim, of Carlsbad Lodge.

San Antonio Lodge, No. 216, received an official visit from the Grand Exalted Ruler on January 5. After the greeting of a delegation of welcome at the station, a sightseeing tour of the city and a dinner in his honor at the Gunter Hotel, Judge Thompson spoke to members of the host Lodge and to visiting Elks from Seguin Lodge, No. 1229, Corpus Christi Lodge, No. 1030, Laredo Lodge, No. 1018, Breckenridge Lodge, No. 1480, and Ranger Lodge, No. 1373, at a formal meeting at the San Antonio Lodge Home. Exalted Ruler M. Riley Wyatt presided. An additional speaker was Harry A. Logsdon, member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee.

At a luncheon meeting at the Home, Galveston Lodge, No. 126, greeted the official visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler on January 6. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. L. Lubben introduced the guest of honor. Exalted Ruler E. P. Theis presided. One hundred members of the Lodge were present.

### From Texas to Louisiana

TWICE that number assembled at the Home of Houston Lodge, No. 151, in the evening, when Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson made his call upon the membership. Of note among the guests were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight P. L. Downs, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight E. A. Moody, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee James H. Gibson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lubben, Past District Deputy

Grand Exalted Rulers A. F. Fisher and Henry Block; President Harry E. Holmes, of the Texas State Elks Association; Exalted Rulers Harold Rubenstein, of Brenham Lodge, No. 979; F. N. McGrew of Beaumont Lodge, No. 311; Ivan H. Schwing, of Port Arthur Lodge, No. 1069; and E. P. Theis, of Galveston; and James Lawler, the only living charter member of Houston Lodge.

Past Grand Exalted Rulers John P. Sullivan and Edward Rightor were among the group to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler upon his arrival in New Orleans, La., for a visit to New Orleans Lodge, No. 30. After a tour about the city and the harbor and luncheon at Antoine's, Judge Thompson was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Lodge Home in the evening. Three hundred Elks were present. On behalf of the Old Timers, Bernard Shillds, seventy-nine years of age, spoke in greeting; and for the youngsters, Sommers Benedict, twenty-five years old, expressed pleasure at the presence of the Lodge's distinguished guest. At the Lodge session later, with Exalted Ruler Milton R. DeReyna presiding, a class of fifteen candidates was initiated. In addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Sullivan and Rightor, prominent Elks at the meeting comprised Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Albert Sidney Cain, Chairman of the Auditing Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past Grand Tiler W. L. Wallace, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. C. Smith, of Mississippi; and D. T. Lenhard, of Louisiana; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers B. C. Casanas, Abe Abrahamson and Sidney Freudenstein; President William Estopinal, of the Mississippi State Elks Association; Exalted Rulers R. H. Hilzlim, of Jackson, Miss., Lodge, No. 416; Alex C. Inglis, of Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978; and Exalted Ruler S. B. Simon of Shreveport, La. Lodge, No. 122; and Past Exalted Ruler James A. Swayne, of Hattiesburg, Miss., Lodge, No. 599.

### The Return to Illinois

JUDGE THOMPSON returned to his home State on January 9, in time to see, at the capitol at Springfield, eight Illinois Elks installed in important State offices. They were Governor Henry Horner, Secretary of State Edward Hughes, Auditor Edward Barrett and Attorney-General Otto Kerner, all of Chicago Lodge, No. 4; Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Donovan, of Joliet Lodge, No. 296; Treasurer John Martin, of Centralia Lodge, No. 493; President *pro tem* of the State Senate Richey Graham, of Cicero Lodge, No. 1510; and Speaker of the State House of Representatives Arthur Roe of Pana Lodge, No. 1261. Chief Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court Oscar Heard, of Freeport Lodge, No. 617, administered the oath of office.





Typical of the city's magnificent buildings is this one. It houses the Milwaukee Public Library and Public Museum

# 1933 Grand Lodge Convention At Milwaukee, Wis.

## Bulletin No. 1

NOT alone Milwaukee "Number 46," but the thirty-seven Elks Lodges of the State of Wisconsin, and a genial reception committee of civic, fraternal and industrial leaders awaits the coming of the Elks of America, July 17, for the sixty-ninth Grand Lodge Convention and reunion of the Order in one of America's most famous cities, sponsored by one of Elksdom's most famous Lodges.

Thirty-two years have elapsed since Milwaukee entertained the Grand Lodge convention. Many still cherish memories of the delightful and colorful week spent in the Wisconsin metropolis in 1901 and anticipate returning, we hope, along with all other Elks who will gather in Milwaukee next July.

Milwaukee wants you to return in '33, because, in the words of James O'Donnell Bennett, the *Chicago Tribune's* famous writer, "Milwaukee has a character, and a conscience that makes its character function." That is why its invitation is genuine.

Many Elks remember the Milwaukee of 1901, but the Milwaukee of to-day, what is it like? Because it is a glorious tribute paid by a master artist, THE ELKS MAGAZINE reprints, herewith, at the request of Chauncey Yockey, Exalted Ruler of Milwaukee Lodge, Mr. Bennett's picture of "Milwaukee To-day," replete with reasons enough why July 17 to 21 should be not only your convention days but your vacation days in Milwaukee. Said Mr. Bennett:

"Milwaukee has a special individuality and a highly developed conscience. . . . Its inhabitants do not go tearing up and down Wisconsin Avenue (the main street) as if the devil were after them. A genial city.

"If Milwaukee were Cologne or Leipsig, or Dresden, which are not much larger, or Stockholm, which is smaller . . . you would gladly study them on the spot. For, after all, 'tis not huge population that makes a city interesting.

"The London of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon was less than one-third the present size of

Milwaukee, and not until 1750 was it as large as Milwaukee is now. Yet it was always interesting to write about. . . . I was so interested in Milwaukee that I could not help being thorough.

"Milwaukee is the best place in the United States to study the survival of those German influences—cultural, social and industrial—released by conditions which culminated in the revolution of 1848. . . . I had interviews with all the living notables mentioned in this dispatch, and their vivid narratives are the impellents behind all the following 'because.' I came to Milwaukee:

"Because I don't know of another large American city that sets more good examples in the administration of justice and the thrifty management of its affairs. . . . Milwaukee has a conscience that makes its character function.

"Because long streets of workmen's and small salaried men's houses are beautifully treed. A veritable boulevard one of them is.

"Because the fumes of its motor buses are drawn off through the roof of the bus instead of blown into the faces of the passengers.

"Because Milwaukee industry—which is colossal—is assimilating the man-products of the college of engineering of Marquette University.

"Because this is the only large city in the United States which collects ashes direct from the basements of homes.

"Because the streets are clean as a floor, and the alleys as clean as the streets—even cleaner!

"Because in forty-eight years its public library has grown from 20,000 volumes to more than 800,000. Any city with such a record is bound to be interesting.

"Because the best monument to Catherine Beecher—great teacher and pioneer, and Henry Ward Beecher's sister—is the noble demesne, at once sylvan and scholastic, of groves, halls, museums, and ivy-mantled towers of Milwaukee-Downer College for girls, which she, inspiring it with her ideals of educa-

tion by and for women launched on a great career. Its entire faculty is composed of women representing eight European and thirty-one American universities.

"Because the best monument to Mother Caroline, founder of the teaching order of School Sisters of Notre Dame in North America and a memorable figure in the early annals of education in the middle west, is the serene stateliness of the class rooms, laboratories, and chapels of Mount Mary College, two million dollar plant which the sisters built out of—God knows what! Sacrifice, I think.

"Because typical of the speedy justice of Milwaukee's Municipal Court is the instance of a crime of violence committed at 6:30 in the morning, for which crime the accused was in Waupun prison at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

"Because Mr. Heller, head of the Milwaukee Zoo, who was Theodore Roosevelt's naturalist in Africa, knows so much—and will tell some of it.

"Because the Mechisedec window in the south wall of St. John's Cathedral is worth a day's journey.

"Because the Milwaukee Public Museum contains at least fifty pieces of the loveliest Wedgwood in America. I have been thrice to see them.

"Because the Public Museum contains the superb Nunnemacher collection of arms and armor, the largest collection of the kind in the United States. It comprises 2,200 pieces and John Metschl's monograph about it makes two thick volumes that sell for \$5 each.

"Because, as a result of the dreams of Charles B. Whitnell, who makes dreams come true, Milwaukee is building eighty-four miles of highways into an area that is not a billboard-blemished, sluttish country-side, but like an enviroing park."

Milwaukee Lodge has adopted the slogan, "Elksdom's Wonder Lodge—in America's Most Famous City. . . . Where all Elks will meet in July!"

THE CONVENTION COMMITTEE





## ELKDOM OUTDOORS

Our Policy—To Encourage the Replenishment of America's Fields and Forests, Lakes and Streams

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors



### One a Minute

By Ray P. Thomas, Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33

**P**RESIDENT HOOVER and I are of the same mind. We are agreed on hastening the day when there shall be "less time between bites." And there is only one way to do that. No spell-binding "back to nature," "God's out-of-doors," and "the religion of the open spaces" speeches will influence the biting propensities of the self-controlled species of "salmo fario" or "fontinalis." In a word, if you want fish, quit talking and raise some, plant some. Nature needs your help. The present fish can bite just so often, and sooner or later they bite for the last time. Thus I soliloquized one day, while the lumber business was slow, and concluded by saying: If we want more bites we must have more fish.

I became Chairman of the Committee on Fish Propagation of the Izaak Walton League, Utica Chapter No. 3, and soon we were in the fish-rearing business by a fortunate cooperative arrangement with the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries. Sixteen miles north of Utica we leased the Barneveld Hatchery on a tract of 56 acres, ten of which are water. Last year we raised for stocking of streams 376,620 brook, rainbow, Loch-keven and lake trout. But our distribution does not end with the trout raised at our hatchery. In 1932 we distributed and planted about 1,421,453 fish of all kinds and sizes.

I have been called the Angler's Friend, and to be truthful, I don't mind it at all. One of my very enthusiastic newspaper friends wrote of our project and called it the Story of One man and 12,613,871 Fish (this being the total planted since 1926). This latter title may be a little pompous, especially in view of the fact that Barnum's fish observation was: "There's a sucker born every minute." Elbert Hubbard said that that was a conservative estimate. A fish a minute, 1,440 a day, \$25,600 a year. That

exceeds the number raised at the hatchery last year. But we have had a fish a minute, and when our newly acquired property to the south of Utica at Richfield Springs "gets to producing" they'll have to change Barnum's dictum.

**UTICA CHAPTER No. 3 of The Izaak Walton League of New York is indeed fortunate in having Mr. Ray P. Thomas as its chairman. His hobby is raising fish and planting them for others to catch. Naturally he likes to fish at times and when he does, he has a pretty fair idea of where to go. "Elkdom Outdoors" would like to learn of other Elks who engage in this type of hobby. The raising of game birds or game fish for replenishment purposes is certainly a commendable avocation. Where possible, suitable photographs should accompany information of this kind. Send stories and picture (glossy prints preferred) to ELKS MAGAZINE c/o Elkdom Outdoors, 50 East 42d Street, New York City.**

The experience of fish culturists has been that the mortality rate among fingerlings and fry is so great that it seems almost wasteful to release them. For several years past therefore, we have been planting on an average of 15,000 yearling fish a year, the majority of which have been reared at Barneveld.

But keeping fry and fingerlings and rearing them

to yearling size and larger, is expensive business. For this reason we often have to send them out to shift for themselves earlier than we like to. The final solution of our fish stocking problem lies, of course, in more rearing stations, not necessarily in more hatcheries.

**FISH** culture and rearing has become my hobby. It is true it costs time and money; so does any other real worthwhile hobby. And though I am frequently referred to as a "benefactor," between me and you, there is a bit of natural selfishness about it; I do some fishing myself. But after all is said and done, there is no pleasure like the pleasure of growing something. According to the Congressional Committee on Wild Life Conservation, public interest in outdoor recreation is rapidly increasing. In order to determine the news value of fishing and hunting as compared with other sports, a news representative assembled figures for 14 of the South and Southwestern States. These showed hunters and fishermen, 4,420,876; baseball fans, 2,426,372; football fans, 1,218,184; golf players, 908,640; tennis players, 363,456. These figures clearly demonstrated the interest of the nation in the sports of the great out-of-doors.

Also, I like to think of leaving our streams as a heritage to the next generation, just a little bit better than we received them. As T. R. said, "Any generation fit to do its work must work for the future, and for the people of the future—as well as for itself."

**TO THE right.** Six truckloads of fingerling trout on their way to make better trout fishing for the anglers of New York State. As the Izaak Walton League, Chapter No. 3 of Utica does not have truck facilities for the distribution of their entire output, local merchants donate both trucks and men for this work.

The following fish have been planted by Utica Chapter No. 3 from 1926 to 1932 inclusive.

Brook Trout . . . . .	1,406,002
Brown Trout . . . . .	120,050
Rainbow Trout . . . . .	160,328
Loch-Leven Trout . . . . .	88,440
Lake Trout . . . . .	192,000
S. M. Black Bass . . . . .	26,875
Whitefish . . . . .	400,000
Yellow Perch . . . . .	8,207,800
Pike-Perch . . . . .	2,000,000
Crappie . . . . .	360
Bullheads . . . . .	1,516

Total . . . . . 12,613,871







Mr. F. Dudley Courtenay, President, Advisory Council of Bridge Headquarters and the foremost advocate of standardization of bidding among all Bridge authorities

# Contract Bridge For Elks

By F. Dudley Courtenay

**E**LKS throughout the country are certainly intensely interested in Bridge. We received over a thousand solutions to our first problem, and as this article is written, just a few days after the appearance of the January number, we are already receiving daily a big batch of replies to the second problem.

Many of my readers have asked that I give them at once an understandable article on the New Laws of the Game and to comply with these many requests, it will be necessary to postpone for this month the continuation of my discussion of Contract Bidding.

On account of space limitation, I can only explain for you the most important laws—the ones subject to most frequent violation. If you want the Laws complete, they may be obtained in the new 1933 edition of the Official book—"The New Standardized Official System of Contract Bridge."

And now for our short study of the Laws.

**The Cut**—Player at dealer's right makes cut, dealer completes cut.

**New deal**, if any doubt as to top of deck; if wrong player cuts or deals; if any one but dealer completes cut; if deal is made with wrong pack; if any card is exposed; if cards are not dealt regularly one at a time; and if one player holds less and one player holds more than correct number of cards.

**Insufficient Bid**

1. If following player calls, the bid stands. No penalty.

2. If offender catches his mistake, he must make sufficient in same denomination. No penalty.

3. If another player calls attention to error, offender must make sufficient, but he may bid anything he pleases and as much as he pleases. Partner must pass when turn gets to him. (Pass compulsory only one round, however.)

**Slip of Tongue**—May be corrected if done practically in the same breath.

**Deliberate Change of Call**—If following player calls, the change stands. No penalty. Otherwise new deal if demanded by opponent on left. If new deal not desired, illegal call cancelled. No penalty.

**Pass out of Turn**—No penalty except if made after auction is opened at turn of offender's partner to call. Then player on left may call for new deal.

**Bid, Double or Redouble out of Turn**

1. If made at turn of player on right the latter makes the legal call, offender then calls, but offender's partner must pass. (Pass compulsory only one round, however.)

2. If made in any other situation, player on left may call for new deal. Otherwise, no penalty.

**Review of Bidding**—Until opening lead any player may ask for a review of the bidding; but after opening lead he may only ask what is the contract and was it doubled or redoubled.

**Card Exposed During Play**—Must be left on table and Declarer may require it to be played whenever it is owner's turn to lead to

play, unless playing would cause a revoke. (Offender, however, may lead or play the card at any legal opportunity.) No penalty for card exposed by Declarer.

**Lead out of Turn**

If any player leads out of turn and next player plays, the lead stands. No penalty.

1. Opponent's Lead out of Turn. If opponent on Declarer's right makes opening lead and Declarer plays from his own hand, Declarer's hand becomes Dummy and partner plays as Declarer.

2. If Declarer catches error, he may call lead or treat the card as exposed, and forbid other opponent to open that suit.

3. If an opponent leads at Declarer's turn, Declarer may call lead or treat card as exposed, and also forbid lead of that suit at other opponent's first turn to lead.

4. Declarer may treat lead as lead in turn.

**Declarer's Lead out of Wrong Hand**—If either opponent notes error, Declarer must lead from proper hand, card of suit led from wrong hand. Failure to comply if lead is in own hand constitutes Revoke. (Dummy may prevent revoke by warning Declarer.) When lead is on the board, if Declarer fails to lead card of suit, the lead stands if opponents do not object.

**Note**: In all situations, if a player has none of a required suit to lead, or play, the penalty lapses.

**The Completed Lead or Play**—A lead or play is completed—

1. By Declarer when he releases a card entirely;

2. By Dummy when Declarer touches or names a card with a view to playing it.

3. By an Opponent when his partner sees any part of its face.

**Examining a Quitted Trick**

1. After a trick has been turned and quitted, it cannot be examined unless question of ownership develops, or unless it contains incorrect number of cards. Penalty—other side may call lead.

**Note**: If player suspects that he has revoked, he may examine trick if other side agrees. If they refuse permission, they cannot claim revoke.

2. Before a trick has been quitted, any player may require the others to specify which cards they have played.

**The Revoke**—A revoke comprises—

1. Failure to follow suit if able.

2. Failure to lead or play as legally directed, if able. Penalty depends on whether revoke is corrected and at what stage of game revoke occurred.

**Revoke Establishment and Penalty**

1. A revoke in any of the first eleven tricks becomes established when in right turn or otherwise, offender or his partner leads or plays to the next trick.

2. The trick stands as played and offending side forfeits two tricks for first revoke and one for each subsequent revoke, payable, however, only with tricks taken on

HERE'S A HAND YOU WILL ENJOY

Bid this hand round by round, Then furnish the Key bid and the Key play.  
South is the dealer. East-West are Vulnerable.

♠ 6			♠ K-5
♥ 9-7			♥ A-6-3
♦ 9-7-4-3			♦ 8-6-5-2
♣ Q-10-8-6-4-2			♣ 9-7-5-3
	N		
	W	E	
	S		
			♠ 10-9-8-7-4
			♥ K-Q-J-10-8-5-2
			♦ Void
			♣ J
			♠ A-Q-J-3-2
			♥ 4
			♦ A-K-Q-J-10
			♣ A-K

PRIZES

This hand has been used in the Nation-Wide Contest sponsored by Bridge Headquarters and has attracted thousands of answers. It is not a trick hand but it is a most interesting hand.

A copy of Mr. Courtenay's "Notes on Contract" (An Indexed Summary) will be given free to all those sending in the correct solution. The correct solution will appear with the next article.



account of the revoke, or taken after the revoke occurred.

3. A revoke at the twelfth trick must be corrected without penalty.

**Penalty for Corrected Revoke**—A revoke may be corrected by withdrawing the card wrongly played or led before the offender or his partner leads or plays to next trick, in which event:

1. Declarer may treat opponent's card as exposed, or require offender to lead or play high or low in the correct suit.

2. When Declarer is offender, opponent on left, if he has played to the trick, may require Declarer to lead or play high or low in the correct suit.

3. If revoke occurs in Dummy, there is no penalty, whether revoke is corrected or becomes established.

4. A card led or played by non-offending side in interval between revoke and its correction, may be withdrawn without penalty, but a correct card played from hand of offender's partner may not be withdrawn.

**How to Prevent a Revoke**—Each player, including Dummy, should question his partner. **Note:** If Dummy withdraws from the table, Declarer cannot be charged with revoke, provided Dummy has not seen any of Declarer's cards or voluntarily looked at any of opponent's cards.

**Dummy's Privileges and Limitations**

1. Dummy cannot suggest a lead or play to Declarer; nor call attention to Declarer's lead out of wrong hand; nor to an adverse revoke; or to opponent's lead or play out of turn.

2. Dummy may prevent Declarer revok-

ing by asking him if he has none of a suit which he should lead or play, provided he has not seen Declarer's hand or voluntarily looked at any of cards held by either opponent. If Dummy, intentionally or unintentionally, has seen one or more of Declarer's cards; or has voluntarily looked at a card or cards of the opponents, he forfeits his right to protect Declarer in the matter of a revoke.

3. Dummy may enter into discussions of fact and law and any questions involving the partnership rights.

#### SOLUTION OF THE JANUARY HAND

Here is last month's hand. Many sound solutions have been received and a copy of Liggett's "Winning Leads" mailed out.

N-Dummy			
♠	7-6-4	♠	9-3
♥	8-7-5-2	♥	J-9-6-3
♦	A-K-Q	♦	10-8-5
♣	A-J-9	♣	Q-8-4-2
West		East	
♠	K-Q-J-10-2	♠	9-3
♥	4	♥	J-9-6-3
♦	J-7-6-4	♦	10-8-5
♣	K-10-5	♣	Q-8-4-2
S-Declarer			
♠	A-8-5	♠	9-3
♥	A-K-Q-10	♥	J-9-6-3
♦	9-3-2	♦	10-8-5
♣	7-6-3	♣	Q-8-4-2

Bidding—East and West vulnerable.

South	West	North	East
1♥	1♦	3♥	Pass
4♥	All Pass		

The contract is four Hearts with South as Declarer.

In this hand, the bidding is perfectly normal, but there is such an utter lack of distributional values in the North and South hands that considerable technique is required to make the contract.

#### The Play of the Hand

The casual player in making finesses is all too prone to think only of the Kings or Queens to be caught. Very often there are lower cards to be considered, such as the Jack of Hearts and Ten of Clubs, in this case.

Declarer, taking the first trick with the Ace of Spades, ascertains on the second lead of Hearts how that suit must be played, but the Clubs must be carefully considered.

As two tricks must be lost in Spades, only one can be lost in Clubs if contract is to be made. The King, Queen and Ten are outstanding and the Ten seems as important as the higher cards.

Since South's only entry cards are in trumps, the Club must be started now. The Nine of Clubs is played from Dummy and East, taking the trick, with the Queen leads a Spade. West takes his two tricks in this suit and puts Dummy in the lead with a Diamond. The trump finesse now picks up East's Jack and West having the King and Ten of Clubs, the second finesse in this suit is successful and Declarer makes four odd.

## Runaround

(Continued from page 8)

highbrow reputation, and Sally would sweep in on that spacious wave. She would picture Ken as reading those notices and believing himself proven wrong. It was a stifling thought.

"Here's your drink," he said, pushing open the door to the living room.

There was no response from Cy whose eyes were closed and whose mouth was open. Ken shook him by the shoulder, but Cy was out like a gossip's secret.

IT meant one less feather in Sally's cap, but it also meant that Cy would probably lose his job, which was too bad. There must be plenty of people on the New Stratford Star who'd do his stuff for him gladly if Ken only knew who they were. If he telephoned, however, he'd be just as likely to get on the wire the one person who'd have Cy fired for being drunk again.

All of a sudden Ken knew what to do, ran through Cy's pockets to see if he had the tickets for tonight's performance (he hadn't), hoisted Cy's leg which had trailed to the floor to a more comfortable position on the couch, jammed on his own hat and beat it for the Grand Central.

At the box office of the Colonial Theatre, New Stratford, an anxious press agent stepped forward when Ken asked for the seats for Mr. Webb of the Star.

"Is this Mr. Webb?" he inquired.

"No, Webb isn't bothering to cover this."

"My name is Casey. We thought this show of ours would appeal to Mr. Webb, but it probably will to you just as much. I certainly hope it does. Could I ask what your name is, and might I offer you a little drop of this or that?"

"My name is Kenneth Cameron, and I'm not drinking."

"You aren't Miss Ainsworth's husband?"

"It seems to me I remember something about a ceremony."

"I hope you're not going to let Miss Ainsworth know that you're in the house. It would upset her like the deuce."

"You needn't worry about my having any communication with Miss Ainsworth."

Mr. Casey was an excellent press agent.

"You see, I've heard her say," he explained, "that you have the best critical judgment in America. That would make any artist nervous."

"Such as it is she'll have the benefit of it tomorrow morning over Mr. Webb's signature. When she's read it, explain that it's mine, will you?"

With those words Ken proceeded to his seat. He wasn't going to let himself be buttered into kindness. Not that he intended to be mean; his only purpose was that Sally should get one sternly impersonal analysis of her work and Martin Jewett's.

The usher had handed him a one-sheet, provincial program: "Cast of Characters (in the order of their appearance). Chilton, a butler, Montgomery Hollister, Cynthia Hollister, Lord Glenarvon, Zoe Sommerville—"

It was evidently Sassiety Drayma with a vengeance. The only feminine character without an r8 karat name was "Mary Tripp, played by SALLY AINSWORTH."

Ken recognized the dread symptoms of the Cinderella story.

Act I was laid "In Montgomery Hollister's penthouse apartment."

"With one eye on the cinema," Ken sneered to himself. Subconsciously he was whittling his mind for the sort of restrained jabs which he knew he'd need, when the process was interrupted by a stomach which bumped against the back of his head.

Ken turned and glared. A protuberant, red-faced man had just seated himself.

"Will you excuse me, neighbor?" he asked in a professionally hearty voice. "This theatre wasn't built for a man with a corporation the size of mine. I guess it's no place to laff and grow fat, and laff and grow fat is my middle name."

Ken nodded that the bump was excused, but the protuberant party had been interested only in the charm of his excuse and didn't notice the nod.

"Told you we'd be early, mother," he said to the quiet looking woman with him. "I coulda had that second cupa coffee as well as not. They write these shows so nobody but a boob needs to hear the first ten minutes anyway. I wish you'd get wise to that."

Protuberance had evidently had a cocktail or two and felt so bright that he didn't want anyone to miss any of his wit, for he didn't lower his voice, and it was a penetrating one.

"Read your program, father," the lady said.

"Brief Respite," the inescapable voice pronounced. "What do you bet it's one of the longest shows we ever sat through? No one can leave till the end of it either, I suppose. You're sure a glutton for punishment, mother. Hey, lookie, there's a Lord in the cast! I shoulda thought they coulda make it a Dook or a King just as cheap. Wouldn't you rather look at a Dook or a King than just a Lord, mother?"

"Shush, father, the curtain's going up."

"What if it is? You're going to hear an awful lot of these actors and actorines before you're through."

KEN had been right in thinking that Sassiety Drayma was indicated. Fast, soigné, people with long cigarette holders, lolled all over the stage. Before ten minutes elapsed one knew that Cynthia Hollister was having an affair with Lord Glenarvon, that Montgomery Hollister was bored with his affair with Zoe Sommerville, that the Hollisters had both been married to other people and divorced because of each other. The atmosphere was thick with intrigue, references to the smarter Long Island resorts, and commands for additional shakers of cocktails, yet the play hadn't the spurious glamor such plays sometimes create.

"Martin Jewett's a realist trying to do something he oughtn't to be trying to do," Ken thought, but he ascribed his discernment of some merit in the work to the course in Business Administration. Anything would show signs of talent after that. Because of the lack

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(Continued from page 35)

of obvious glamor, he was a little surprised that, behind him, Protuberance was impressed.

"Hey, this looks like the real stuff, mother." Then Sally came in.

Sally played Montgomery Hollister's secretary, who had been summoned to the penthouse for some special work. Nothing had built up her entrance except a casual mention by Cynthia Hollister that she'd insisted that her husband discharge his former, too pretty, secretary.

"Not that I cared, darling," she assured Lord Glenarvon, "but it seemed to me that he'd be less apt to suspect us if I evinced a little healthy jealousy. No chance of using that expedient again. The present incumbent is a plain little mouse."

At Sally's entrance Ken's heart folded in on itself, like a squashed rubber ball. He didn't know exactly what his feeling was, only that it hurt.

Sally had shown that restraint, most unusual in actresses, and chosen for her first costume a plain, obviously cheap suit. She looked tired, and uncomfortable in the presence of the Hollister guests, and scared. Yet, Ken had to admit to himself, as she crossed the threshold, that she had a special, other-worldly beauty, or perhaps it was only an implication of beauty, which turned the golden creatures, who had preceded her on the stage, into so many paper dolls. The response which she drew from Protuberance, however, was a cackle.

"Look what Montgomery got wished on him," he said. "Kind of a girl you'd like to shove in down at the office I guess, mother."

THE faint reality Don had found in the play seemed to come into its own at Sally's entrance. It was evident that Miss Tripp worshipped Mr. Hollister with hopeless reverence. It seemed inevitable that another love affair should be piled on the over-amorous plot. Then *Brief Respite* left half-realms of realism and became magic.

Montgomery Hollister gave a few directions to his secretary and suddenly, from the terror which overcame her rather than from the words themselves, one realized that they meant his suicide.

For a few moments she went on taking the notes he dictated with trembling fingers then, in a superbly written scene, told him what she suspected.

It was true. At what seemed the peak of success, with the prospect of freedom from a marriage which bored him utterly, he was finding life too hollow to be endured. Passion and gayety, and worldliness had lost all flavor to his senses, and, not knowing anything else, he wanted to be done with them.

With heartbreaking courage Mary Tripp talked to him.

"Isn't there any woman who likes you without being in love with you, Mr. Hollister? Somebody like a wife that you've been married to so long, and cared for so much that you don't have to think about those things any more?"

"There aren't people like that, Miss Tripp. And if there are I missed finding one long ago when the foundations of that kind of happiness should have been laid."

"I'm a person like that," she told him. "It's the only relationship I'm fitted for. I was born old, you see. I suppose years ago I could have been won to the other things, but I missed that."

And so it was arranged between them to patch together the two unfulfilled parts of their lives. The first act curtain dropped between the play and an audience more puzzled than anything else.

Protuberance was not puzzled, however.

"Want to know what I think of that, mother?" he boomed. "Well, I'll tell you in one word: 'lousy.'"

"Why, father, you were asleep most of the time."

"Think that little picked chicken could have

got him with all those peaches around? You bet she couldn't. And the pass she made at him, too!"

Ken might have been able to hide from himself what he thought of *Brief Respite* had it not been for that ignorant yawp, he might, but he probably wouldn't. After all Ken, Scotsman though he was, had chosen to chase the will o' the wisp Art instead of gathering the sure grain of material success. Beauty had power over him, and he couldn't betray it. With that ignorant yawp in his ears, he forgot personal considerations, and became its ardent champion.

Only because it was better for Beauty did he rise and stride out instead of replying to the stranger. The press agent met him at the head of the aisle.

"Do you mind telling me what you think about it, Mr. Cameron?"

"You bet I don't. It's one of the loveliest plays that was ever written, and you've got Sally acting like an archangel."

"Say that to Mr. Jewett, will you? This is Mr. Jewett."

As though the play needed further recommendation Martin Jewett turned out to be a small, bespectacled gnome, with hair like moth-eaten down.

"You don't know how much those words mean to me right now," he said.

Ken wrung his hand and gulped further congratulations.

"Come back and tell Sally, will you?" Mr. Jewett begged. "She needs cheering up, poor kid."

"Poor kid! What do you mean by poor kid? She wouldn't want to hear from me."

"Don't be a fool," Mr. Jewett replied and, directly, he and Ken and the press agent were making for the stage entrance.

"Who is it?" Sally's voice called when Casey rapped on the door of dressing-room one.

"The most enthusiastic fan you and the play have had yet," Mr. Jewett answered, and then Sally was in Ken's arms.

"How could I have been such a fool as not to appreciate what you could do?"

"I had to show you, Ken. It was the only way I could get you back and respect myself at all. You do think I'm all right in it?"

"All right! I sat out there howling."

"To think that you saw it just in time! It makes me believe in miracles."

"I'd have seen it sooner or later, you know. I couldn't have kept away."

"But this may be the last performance."

"What do you mean?"

"IT'S a terrible show for the road," Mr. Jewett explained. "You can see that. If it had had a New York run, I think it would go, but they haven't been told what to think about it and most of the notices have been uncertain. As a result Massinger, who's putting up the money, has got cold feet."

"It's got to go into New York," Ken said.

"Ain't you better be getting ready for the second act, Miss Ainsworth?" a colored maid, who had been standing in the corner, inquired.

"I'm afraid I must. Will I see you after the show, Ken?"

"Of course. Cy's in the apartment tight and I'm covering this for him, but as soon as I've done that—"

"I'll wait here. Don't be too long."

Outside the dressing room the three men fell into conference.

"If a rave had come three days ago it might have saved us," Jewett said.

"Why is it too late?"

"Massinger called up at seven o'clock bluer than indigo. Said he'd written, something he hadn't the nerve to tell me evidently."

"Is there a typewriter in the theatre?" Ken asked.

"Sure," Casey told him, "in the manager's office."

"Well, I'll type my stuff between the next two acts and you can make a night letter of it and send it to your backer. Maybe if he finds

it on his breakfast table he'll change his mind."

"It's perfectly possible. That's the way the minds of backers work."

"Show me where the office is now. Perhaps I'll have a chance to jot down a line or two."

Casey stood at the door while Ken tapped out an opening paragraph.

"Don't want you to miss any of this act, Mr. Cameron," he said, when he considered it absolutely necessary.

Ken slid into his seat in time to catch Protuberance's prologue.

"Snore number two. Hey, usher, I'll give you two bits if you'll come and poke me a couple of times during this next. I don't wanta take the edge off my regular sleep."

Ken knew enough about himself to save the rage which it engendered in him. Such fuel would steam up his typewriter.

The second act transpired in the little apartment which Hollister and Mary Tripp called "Home," a cozy, humble place with furniture worn enough to look as though it had been dear to someone.

MOST of the act was dialogue, but the dialogue as delivered by Sally and the man who played Hollister was an exciting experience. It was gay, and wistful, and shining with a kind of innocent poetry. There were some imaginary off-stage children (which sounds pretty terrible) but they were more droll and more real than any stage children Ken had ever seen. When, just before the fall of the curtain, Cynthia Hollister burst in with her lawyer and detectives it created in Ken the exact sense of desecration Martin Jewett must have intended to achieve.

Before the houselights were up, Ken was at the typewriter again. Enthusiasm, indignation and passion vivified every sentence he wrote.

"There it is, in substance," he said to Casey as he struck the last period. "If this last act lets me down—"

"It has to let you down a little, but it's a darned sight better than most last acts. Gee, this is good stuff!"

"Telegraph office closes at eleven, I imagine. Better gallop around with it."

"Right."

"Well, another *Brief Respite* is over," Protuberance was sighing, as Ken returned to his seat. "I wonder how they came to name this show for the intermissions. Won't you have a heart and come home, mother?"

"I want to see how it comes out," "mother" said timorously.

"Well, I gotta get hold of that usher and raise my ante. I'll offer him fifty cents a nudge this time."

The main reason for Ken's forbearance had vanished when he finished his copy, so he swung around in his seat.

"Hey, Blimp," he said. "If you've got to make hick wise cracks could you lower your voice? By this time we all know that your fat head is unable to comprehend what this play is about, but is that any reason that the rest of us shouldn't enjoy it?"

Protuberance had prominent eyes, and it seemed as though they were going to pop from their sockets, but he was not deprived of the power of speech.

"Look here," he said, "I got a ticket for this show and I got as much right to my opinion as—"

"No, you haven't," Ken cut him short. "I happen to be here officially. I'm covering this for the New Stratford Star. Now shut up, or get back to your hangar."

Protuberance did not shut up.

"I'll bet you five hundred dollars you aren't covering it for the Star," he roared. "My name happens to be Jay C. Geiger and I own the Star. You're Webb, I suppose."

"Webb couldn't come," Ken said quickly.

"Sent some cub, did he? Well, it's been some time since I wrote a piece with my own hand, but I'll write this one and you better clear out and start looking for a new job."



The lights had dimmed. People around them were saying: "Hush! Hush!" An usher came up.

"No need to hush us," Protuberance announced. "We're finished."

Ken slumped down in his seat, feeling as though he'd been hit on the head with a black-jack. It was evident that Protuberance was not unmoved either. Above the hum of the play there sounded disturbed and stertorous breathing.

The scene was an office. Sally sat in it looking very little, and brave, and forsaken. Mr. Hollister came in and put his hand on her shoulder.

"You needn't have come," she said. "I'm used to taking care of myself."

The words stabbed Ken. He'd failed her absolutely. When that backer learned that the review never had appeared everything would be over.

Just then Protuberance got to his feet and stumped up the aisle. Ken would never have made an appeal if it had been for himself, but it meant Sally's career so he tiptoed out.

"Did you see where Colonel Geiger went?" he inquired of the usher.

"He asked where the telephone was."

"Where is it?"

"Downstairs in the smoking room."

Ken started to descend but, from the curve of the staircase, he could hear Protuberance's bellows.

"What if the City Desk is busy? This is Geiger speaking. Put me through.—Hello, Grayson. What cub is covering the show at the Colonial?—You don't know? Well, you ought to know. Get hold of Webb and I'll give him a rough idea of what I want said . . . Well, you oughta know where to locate Webb. I'll do the stuff myself. Wait for my copy."

He banged down the receiver, and started up the stairs. Ken waited for him.

"Look here, Colonel Geiger—" he began in a tone that was meant to placate.

"I told you to get out of this theatre," he was answered. "If you don't I'll have you kicked out. You can't talk to a man of my prominence like that. Hey, boy."

THE words were addressed to the youngster with the hat-check concession. For an instant, Ken thought Protuberance was going to command his expulsion.

"Yes, Colonel Geiger," the boy replied.

"My car here?"

"Colored chauffeur, isn't it, Colonel Geiger?" An idea had come to Ken.

"I thought you were the kind of guy who'd condemn a show without waiting to see it through," he interrupted Colonel Geiger to sneer.

Protuberance pretended to ignore him.

"Yeah, colored chauffeur. Selfridge. Every body knows Selfridge. Tell him to be waiting outside that door. I'll want to leave the minute this tripe is over."

With a glance which was the equivalent of a tongue thrust out in Ken's direction Colonel Geiger puffed off to his seat. The hat check boy went to the main exit. Ken could see him looking up and down the street.

Ken too went to the exit. The hat check boy had walked half way down the block and was conferring with a colored man in livery at the wheel of a bloated, purplish limousine. After a second he jumped on its step and the car started toward the theatre.

Trying to look as humbled as possible, Ken went back to his seat and got his hat and coat. For a few minutes he stood in the rear of the auditorium and drank in the spectacle of Sally, then sauntered out to the bulbous limousine.

"Hello, Selfridge," he said to the chauffeur, "Colonel Geiger has decided to have you take over his copy. I'm driving him home. Deliver this to Grayson in person, will you? And tell him to feature it."

"Yassir."

Selfridge touched his cap, and drove off.

(Continued on page 38)

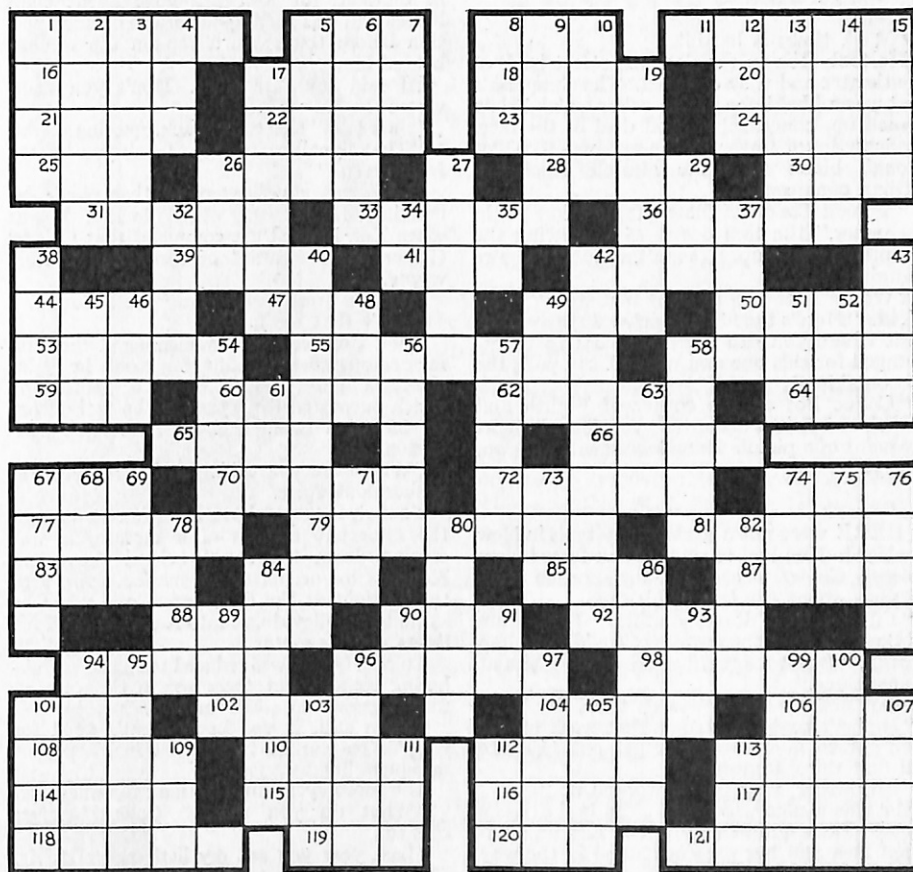
# Cross-Word Puzzle

By Kenneth Bates, Minneapolis, Kans.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE will pay readers \$10 for any cross-word puzzle which it can publish.

The Magazine will return unsuitable puzzles ONLY if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included; it cannot enter into correspondence about them. Please do not send in answers to puzzles already published.

The Magazine wishes to accord honorable mention to the following contributors of puzzles: Linda Hillman, Attleboro, Mass.; Eleanor A. Reardon, Worcester, Mass.; Thomas Reymann, Pray, Wis.; Ellsworth Smith, Larchmont, N. Y.; and Vernon Wallace, Aurora, Ill.



## Across

- 1—Charge with debt
- 5—A snake
- 8—Mineral spring
- 11—Mad
- 16—So be it
- 17—Outer garment
- 18—Merit
- 20—Disagreeable prescription
- 21—Restrain
- 22—Rank
- 23—Preliminary stake in poker
- 24—Glen
- 25—Unit of work
- 26—Guard
- 28—Discover
- 30—A color
- 31—Long
- 33—Pertaining to birth
- 36—Minds
- 39—Dog
- 41—Native
- 42—Apportion
- 44—To and in
- 47—Juice of plants
- 49—Unrefined
- 50—Sly look
- 53—Compartments
- 55—Clattered
- 58—Russian emperors
- 59—Arid
- 60—A metric measure
- 62—Upper air

- 64—A rodent
- 65—Ejaculation of pain
- 66—Single units
- 67—River islet
- 70—Drain for waste matter
- 72—Study
- 74—Short spring
- 77—Transient sickness
- 79—Bivalve mollusks
- 81—Steeple
- 83—Made a loan
- 84—Before
- 85—Reply of consent
- 87—Employer
- 88—Sum entered
- 90—Indistinct
- 92—Dispatched
- 94—One who bores
- 96—Of the sun
- 98—Memoranda
- 101—Public carriage
- 102—Near
- 104—Utter
- 106—A bone
- 108—Malt beverages
- 110—Link
- 112—An Oriental weight
- 113—Only
- 114—Repose
- 115—A period of time
- 116—Besides
- 117—Inactive
- 118—Takes booty
- 119—Tricky
- 120—Type measures
- 121—Tuft

## Down

- 1—Attempt
- 2—Variety of corundum
- 3—A light color
- 4—Tavern
- 5—Wild pig
- 6—Made of oats
- 7—Consumed
- 8—Ocean
- 9—Rectangle of fabric in a frame
- 10—Dexterities
- 12—Go on to say
- 13—Food
- 14—Islands
- 15—Act
- 17—Winds
- 19—Brother's son
- 26—Shout
- 27—Staunch
- 29—Further
- 32—Iota
- 34—Like
- 35—One
- 37—Elongated fishes
- 38—Flying creature
- 40—Burrowing terrestrial worm
- 42—Lunatic asylums
- 43—Long ago
- 45—And not
- 46—Trifle
- 48—Equivalence
- 49—Soak
- 51—Auricle
- 52—Epoch
- 54—Soft mud
- 56—Lacerates

- 57—Landing place
- 58—Woody plants
- 61—Frozen dessert
- 63—Terminate
- 67—Competently
- 68—Wrath
- 69—Yellowish brown
- 71—Scrutinize
- 73—Undertake
- 74—A possessive pronoun
- 75—Substance containing metal
- 76—Saucy
- 78—Rouse
- 80—Sing tremulously
- 82—A golfing stroke
- 84—Weirdly
- 86—Peculiar to old age
- 89—A cardinal number
- 90—Effect
- 91—Mother
- 93—In no manner
- 94—One who bales
- 95—Very fat
- 96—Shallow
- 97—Domain
- 99—Wear away
- 100—Horizontal parts of foundation
- 101—A fish
- 103—Departs
- 105—Befoul
- 107—A vegetable
- 109—Filthy habitation
- 111—Look into
- 112—Small mound
- 113—A feudal title

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 40



(Continued from page 37)

Ken had already spotted a taxi in the line of private cars. He went up to it.

"How much do you make in a good evening, Mac?" he inquired of its driver.

"Three dollars. Four if I get a break."

"I'll pay you fifteen for the cab tonight if you'll let me drive it."

"What's the idea?"

"A joke. I have to have your coat and cap with it, though."

"You got a license?"

"Sure."

"Well, times is hard."

He took Ken to the deserted street back of the theatre and they changed. The chauffeur's coat was a khaki one with a collar which, when turned up, concealed a good deal of the face. By inserting a finger in the exhaust Ken got enough black to make himself villainous, Sicilian eyebrows.

"Y' look like one of these gunmen they got in the paper," the taxi owner said, viewing the completed make-up. "It ain't a murder you're plannin'?"

"Would I let you in on it if it were?" Ken asked. "Here's the fifteen bucks. Is there some joint where you can leave my coat to be exchanged for this one and where I can park the cab outside?"

"Coffee Pot at the corner of Eighth and Jenks', and if it is a murder, you forced me at the point of a pistol. Remember that, will you, buddy?"

THERE were not a great many taxis in New Stratford. Ken had to refuse three fares before Colonel Geiger began making himself conspicuous about the loss of his car.

"I'll fire that dinge, mother," Ken, from his position near the marquee, could hear him roaring, "I sent a special word to have him at the entrance."

"But Selfridge is always on time, Jay."

"He isn't tonight. People that work for me have got to give service or get out. I'll fire him first thing tomorrow."

"Oh, father, why get so worked up."

She was a nice woman but the taxi driver's remark about gunmen had given Ken an additional idea and her presence stood in the way of a lot of fun.

"Because I gotta take you home," Pro-tuberance grumbled, "and then get to the office and write this doblasted piece, and it'll take time."

Then Ken had a break.

"You don't have to take me home," Mrs. Geiger said. "Here's Nell Emerson. She'll give me a lift. Won't you, Nell?"

"Why, nothing would please me more, Edna."

When the ladies had driven away Colonel Geiger stood tapping one big foot against the

sidewalk and scanning the line of cars. It was then that Ken gave a faint toot of the taxi horn.

"You free?" Colonel Geiger asked.

Ken nodded.

"Well, take me to the Star office. I hope that nigger of mine waits here all night."

Ken had no idea of the direction of the Star office but he went straight ahead and as fast as possible.

"That's right, make some speed," Colonel Geiger called, and evidently became immersed in thought, for Ken had gone about eight blocks and was getting out of the business section before there was a rap on the window behind him.

"I said the Star office. Don't you know where the Star office is?"

"Sure I do," Ken called back, ignoring a light.

"That signal means stop. Can't you tell red from green?"

There was a policeman at that particular crossing. He blew his whistle loudly. It was when Ken ignored the command that Colonel Geiger became aware of something terribly wrong.

"You're breaking the law," he bellowed.

"Ain't that too bad?"

Then Colonel Geiger remembered the gunmen campaign. With shaking hands he lit his cigarette lighter and looked at the photograph which purported to be that of the taxi driver. It showed a blond and the name was Gustavson.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked, in a querulous voice.

Though it would have been fun to answer, the crescendo screech of a motorcycle was coming down the street behind them and Ken was too occupied. He made a sharp turn to the right at the first corner, and when he came to an alley drove into it and shut off his lights and his motor.

Colonel Geiger was reduced to emitting blubbing sounds, but there was a chance that they'd grow into a call for help.

"Keep still, if you know what's good for you," Ken warned him, a fist in his pocket masquerading as a gat.

The motorcycle shrieked past the alley.

"What do you want?" Colonel Geiger choked.

"Last year you got my little sister Bessie. This year you're after me and my pals. Shall we go on with our ride, or do you want it to end right here?"

"I—I—I—"

"One yip out of you and it's over."

Ken proceeded into the country at a comparatively leisurely pace, only taking pains to choose a road which was under repair and made extraordinarily bad going. When his wrist watch told him that the forms for the Star must be closed Ken drew up in the eerie shade of a black pine.

"Now get out," he commanded.

The Colonel's legs almost failed him, but he got to the ground.

"If it's a question of ransom—" he said, in a hollow voice.

"It ain't."

"You'll swing for this."

Ken always claimed that it was because he found the language of melodrama so embarrassing when used in real life, but as a matter of fact it was something about the ineffectual way the Colonel's puffy hands flapped at his sides, which made him drop his rôle.

"I won't swing," he said, "and don't get feeling like Sidney Carton. People don't waste murder on men like you. I'm just the friend who took Cy Webb's place, and I've been keeping you away till the proper review of that play could be printed. Now hand me over your suspenders. I don't want you to make too good time back to town."

As Colonel Geiger, looking like a caricature of the surrender of Cornwallis, turned over the article in question, he made another speech.

"This is an outrage. It amounts to false imprisonment if not abduction, and if the incident is made public I'll lay both charges against you."

"The incident will not be made public," Ken replied, "unless Cy Webb should lose his job. If that happens, just bring those charges, will you, please? I'll endow Cy with my half of the gate receipts."

On the way back to town there began unfolding in Ken's mind, without any effort on his part, the whole conclusion of his book. A lot of the first would have to be rewritten and given new depths and highlights, but, now that he knew the end, that would be a cinch.

When he got his coat at the Coffee Pot he telephoned the principal hotel of New Stratford. Sally was registered but, after keeping him waiting a moment, the operator refused to put through a call to her room at that time of night.

EVIDENTLY, Sally thought he'd stood her up, and was annoyed. It dimmed Ken's exultation. It was unimportant, of course, but it seemed a shame that there should have to be misunderstandings and a lot more talk when everything had been so electric.

He started to walk to the station but, just on a chance, he went by way of the Colonial Theatre. On the steps of the stage entrance sat a little figure.

"No other girl in the world would have waited like that, Sally Ainsworth," he told her, when she was in his arms.

"I'd have stayed here till they moved the scenery out," Sally said. "I'm persistent. You may remember that I was persistent about something else."

"Remember!" Ken groaned.

"Something a lot less important," she added.

## The Napoleon of Forgers

(Continued from page 16)

He was under cover now, avoiding the members of his former circle. He studied New York banking institutions and did not molest them. The city was to be clearing-house, not the scene of operations.

He chose Philadelphia for a working center. As a beginning he wrote under a fictitious name to the big cotton house of Maunsell, White & Company in New Orleans, describing himself as a Northern capitalist who included among his properties a large cotton plantation in the South. He asked the firm if it cared to become his agent. He received a favorable reply, bearing the signatures of the members of the firm.

The handwriting was what he wanted. The house did not hear again from its prospective client. Half a dozen letters with the desirable signatures went next to New York banking houses, advising each that "John P. Caldwell,"

the Colonel's name for the occasion, had a credit of \$50,000 with the New Orleans firm, based on warehoused cotton. These letters were mailed from New Orleans, indicating a stealthy sally by Edwards into his former lair. He had no confederate.

Baltimore was to be the pay-off city, and in preparation "John P. Caldwell" spent several weeks becoming a man-around-town, and as such getting acquainted with bank officials in their off-duty hours. The New York banks then received drafts from "Caldwell" for varying portions of his credit, asking their checks in return, to be sent to him at Baltimore. Not all the banks responded, not from doubt but from restricting business conditions of the hour. Instead of a maximum approaching a quarter of a million dollars, he netted slightly less than \$50,000. Still he was far from being disappointed. The checks were cashed easily.

What he had done in one section he might repeat in other parts of the country.

The largest loser was the house of Brown Brothers & Company. It had a tradition of fighting its enemies. Weeks had elapsed, however, before the institution was informed that it had been victimized. The alarm was sounded by Maunsell, White & Company from New Orleans when it was asked to meet the credits it never had sanctioned.

Edwards had plenty of time to get away, but as he did not see how the forgery ever could be traced to him, he was enjoying himself in the courtship of a beautiful Philadelphia girl. She was not an heiress, so the attraction was herself. The delightful Virginian gentleman, Colonel Monroe, was begging for an early marriage, visioning for her a honeymoon in a far country, which he did not name.

(Continued on page 40)





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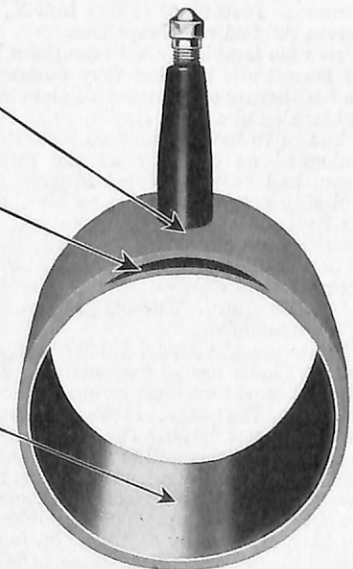
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(Continued from page 38)

He did intend to get out of the United States for a year before he made another foray, and had chosen Rio de Janeiro, from memory of its attractions, as his next temporary residence. He selected a ship and a sailing date many weeks off, and waited in Philadelphia for the intervening wedding day.

Meantime detectives and handwriting experts were plodding along on the hunt for an unknown forger. They started in New Orleans on no better ground than that the swindler's overture had been made through the New Orleans cotton firm. One of the general inquiries was whether the firm ever had received letters in the handwriting of the papers sent by the forger to the New York banks. The firm's correspondence was overhauled. Eventually the letter Edwards wrote from Philadelphia was reached.

The handwriting was not revealing, for Edwards had forged that in a different hand. The letter got attention, nevertheless, because the attached copy of the firm's reply bore the notation that the tentative client had not continued the negotiations. There might be significance, also, in a letter from Philadelphia, convenient both to New York and Baltimore.

The letter was studied further for peculiarities. One was found. The writer spelled the little word "few" in an original way—"fiew." Spelling was not a strong point either with gentlemen or business men of the period and the miscue had not been noticed. The correspondence with the New York bankers was searched for a recurrence of the spelling. The word had not been used there. So the first letter did not connect the writer with the bank forgeries. But the oddity was remembered and the letter went with the detectives to New York.

WHILE they had been absent their local coworkers had been putting all available information about forgers and forgery through a sieve in a very scientific fashion. The exploit, they then concluded, was beyond the caliber of any of the police-rated crooks. The only professionals up to such an affair, Reed and Webb, were in prison. So the new craftsman was an unknown. Instead of calling him X, the detectives dubbed him Napoleon.

From his familiarity with Southern business and New York banking they portrayed him as a Southerner of the traveled class, probably the blackleg of a good family. The Southerners known to have frequented New York were catalogued as carefully as the professional forgers had been. Colonel Monroe Edwards inevitably got into this list as his abolitionist activity had been of a public nature. He was in a fine company on the roll-call, along with the best and most honorable men of the South. The process of eliminating was as rapid as the first writing-down. The analyzers were looking for the remainders.

The name of Colonel Edwards was among those left for a second examination. He could not be stamped outright as one who could not have bilked the banks. Not a bit more definite than that, yet having the consequence that his was among several life histories that began to be compiled. Soon his record was receiving more attention than any of the others. Hitherto the separate chapters of his existence never had been set side by side, a good fortune for which he could thank distances and the fact that the Texas Republic was a separate government. The banks, however, had facilities of information that leaped territorial boundaries. Where ordinary police efforts might have failed, theirs succeeded.

From the Colonel's past emerged his adventures in negro smuggling and, precisely to the point, his deed and bill of sale forgeries in Texas. His later abolition poses and his recent doings as a would-be international propagandist were aligned with the past. They were a logical development. He fitted, too, the deductive portrait of a sophisticated Southerner.

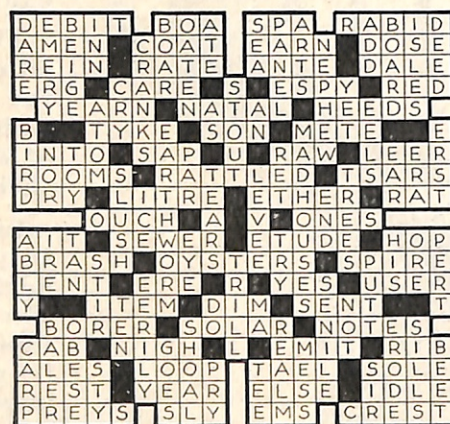
Certain of the casual forgeries from which New York banks had suffered in the year when the Colonel was in the vicinity also were collected and compared with the new work. Again the handwriting was not a convincing link, so varying was the Colonel's penmanship. Rather there was an elusive but persistent likeness in competence, as if one brain had directed many hands. The examiners suspected a gang, ably led. If there was such a band, was not the Colonel the leader?

The question certainly could not be answered before discovering what he had been doing while the forgeries were being launched. But where was he? His re-arrival in New York from Europe was ascertained. Then he had disappeared. That was suspicious without being enlightening.

The patient delving into the Colonel's background had included the indexing of his lineage. He had a nephew in Virginia, who as a lad had visited his uncle in the southwest.

## Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 37)



Family courtesies were a Southern trait. Had the nephew kept any association with the elder man? A bank attaché was sent to Virginia and, with cautious management, became a guest on a neighboring estate. He met the nephew socially and when the ice was broken he mentioned that he had admired the aplomb of Colonel Monroe Edwards on occasions when he had observed the distinguished man in New York drawing-rooms.

The amateur detective heard then that if he had come to Virginia a few weeks earlier he would have met Colonel Edwards under the self-same roof. The nephew, it appeared, had been ill. The uncle had first written solicitously from Philadelphia and then had come to visit the convalescent. The letter had been entertaining and one day the nephew read several gay paragraphs from it to his new acquaintance. The caller was able to have the epistle in his hands for a few minutes, and he scanned it closely.

Aside from the Philadelphia hotel address, which afterwards proved to be misleading, the letter seemed to have only the value of showing that Colonel Edwards had been within reaching distance of Baltimore, the check-cashing city, at about the proper time. Nothing of the contents interested the reader until he came to the last sentence. There the writer stated apologetically that he could remain only "a few days." The clerk knew that the collected data contained reference to the spelling "fiew" for "few" in the New Orleans letter.

He had no excuse for taking the letter, although later it was seized by court order and put into evidence. The information of sight was enough for the time being. The misspelled word coupled the Colonel closely enough, the authorities thought, with the bank forgeries.

Secrecy of pursuit was abandoned. There was hue and cry for the identified culprit, with rewards offered. The quarry listened to the tumult and wavered between quick flight and the stubborn desire to risk a stay in the country until he was married and able to take the bride with him. He needed only to throw the law pack off the scent for another month. Forgery always had been his staff. He invoked it again.

The New York police received a letter, signed but none the less anonymous, stating that the forgeries were the work of a band, and that the leader had sailed from Boston on the *Great Western* the day the letter was written. He could be arrested in England. The insinuation was that the forger-chief had double crossed his followers in the division of money and that the letter was written for revenge.

The Colonel gave the "alias" under which the passenger was traveling. He named, in fact, a minor British diplomat who he knew was aboard. The man could prove his identity when later he would be confronted in England. The falseness of the "tip" would then be apparent, but until that event the American hunt would slacken—so the fugitive reasoned.

Sheer accident turned this clever move into blighting error. The sailing of the *Great Western* was delayed by a terrific coastal storm. The police were able to board the vessel while it still lay in Boston Harbor. The indignant diplomat soon convinced them that they had been tricked. He had known Colonel Edwards, it was true, and had believed him an eminent American. Oddly, too, they had met again a fortnight before on a Philadelphia street. He, not the Colonel, had made the recognition, but the American had not acted as if embarrassed. The diplomat had told when he was sailing. Edwards had remarked that they might soon be meeting again if he included England in a nearing honeymoon itinerary. The Englishman had extended congratulations.

Provided that the Colonel was not lying, the survey of prospective bridegrooms in Philadelphia would uncover him, whatever name he was wearing. The Colonel was not lying. His ardor had deluded him. The net was thrown carefully around the Virginian, Monroe, whose marriage date had been announced in the newspapers. He was arrested in his rooms, with his wedding outfit spread out before him. That was the end of romance for him, and pretty nearly of all things else.

He fought conviction, of course, denying all accusations. In order to get costly and talented counsel, he forged in his cell a letter to the attorneys purporting to be from his financial agent and making a showing of wealth. He even forged the postage stamp, cutting a wooden die with a pen knife and printing from it. Postage stamps were more primitive then. He was an artist, whatever his delinquencies.

Convicted and sent to prison, he made a desperate effort to escape. He packed himself in a box, sent along with others to be removed from the prison. A fellow convict betrayed him, after the dray was outside the walls but before he could release himself from the crate.

He had lived free as a hawk. Like a caged hawk he wasted and died.

LET us turn to the comparative spectacle afforded by a modern forger.

A New York newspaper contained in November, 1926, an advertisement for an executive "wanted by a world-known institution." The specifications were for a "middle-aged to elderly gentleman with wide business and social experience and of sound and matured judgment, preferably a retired successful business man desiring to return to light activity in a pleasant atmosphere." It was stated that no investment was required, only that the applicant must give his complete history.

An alluring bait, indeed, for middle-aged to elderly gentlemen chafing in retirement, whether enforced or voluntary. Such of the



job-seeking class as applied got no attention. Their work was not wanted. How many of the energetic well-to-do answered never will be known. Only one man fitted the stipulation and so was cultivated further.

He was a retired manufacturer who had thought he would enjoy idleness. On the contrary he was bored. The advertisement attracted him and he replied to it. Within a week the desirous employer called at the man's comfortable house in the Orange mountain section of New Jersey. The visitor was impressed with the prosperous solidity of the surroundings, and said so.

He himself had the manner of a brisk man of affairs. He was, he explained, the executive director of a synthetic rubber company which was about to enlarge its operations. So the board had decided to open an important office in Newark, New Jersey, for the handling of financial rather than manufacturing details. As large sums of money would pass through the office, the integrity of the manager was paramount.

The suburbanite's record already had been checked, he stated, adding that he was glad to notice the excellent banking standing in a conservative Newark bank. The company would deposit at the same bank, if the two came to agreement about the post. They settled that pact the next day, with minor formalities enough to impress the Jerseyman with the idea that he was becoming associated with big business. Though the new manager was to be trusted with funds, nothing was said about bonding him. The omission should have been a warning.

THE manager was to have a salary and also a commission on all monies that passed through his hands. Liberal, surely. He was told to lease an office in a big Newark office building, and to put his own name on the door. Business began to arrive before the office was fully equipped. A check for \$76,500 came to the manager by mail, endorsed payable to his order with instruction to deposit it temporarily to his own account. Other checks, the letter said, would follow probably before the company could open its own Newark account and could be deposited in the same way. The manager was flattered by the confidence shown in him.

A couple days later the executive director dropped into the office. He was on his way to Washington, he said, and as he expected to make large payments in cash there, he would take the major part of the Newark account. New deposits would be made almost at once. The manager drew his personal check for \$75,000, went to the bank and got the cash.

Sure enough a new check, again for \$76,500 came by mail from New York the next day, and the manager deposited it to his account. And once more the executive director visited him and went away with the manager's check cashed for real money. The manager did not understand the method in the least, but supposed he must be ignorant of the habits of giant finance. He had his commissions, anyway.

The enterprise was finished. No more checks came, nor any word from the executive director. First uneasy, and then suspicious, though chiefly puzzled because he could not realize that there was fraud in a matter where no effort had been made to victimize him, the citizen unburdened himself to his banker. That keen person perceived that there was swindle somewhere, though he, like his depositor, had lost nothing.

The record of the checks showed that they had been drawn by the Mordell Realty Company against its account with the Equitable Trust Company. The Newark manager had been told that the Mordell Corporation was one of the rubber concern's subsidiaries. The Mordell Realty Company was an actuality, an instrument of the Capitol Theater on Broadway. The checks were forgeries, contrived on the blank forms of the company. The facts were quickly got. The account mulcted was

(Continued on page 42)

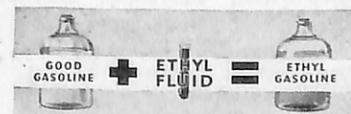


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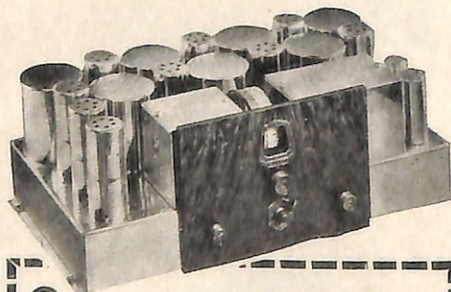
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(Continued from page 41)

one infrequently drawn against. Investigators of the American and the National Surety companies were soon at work.

The office of the Mordell Company had been robbed of the blank checks. The first step of the modern crime, therefore, had been the same as that used by the cracksmen, Webb and Reed, four decades before—the method that Colonel Monroe Edwards thought clumsy and susceptible to improvement in his talented hands.

The 1926 investigators had one aid unknown to early detectives. If finger-prints had been left on the big book from which the checks had been abstracted, they would be a clue. No print of fingers was found, although the mark of a palm of a hand was dusted out on several of the right-hand pages of the book. The hand had been gloved but the fact of use of the right hand for support was valuable. The deduction was that the invader turned the pages of the book with his free left hand, and so was either left-handed or ambidextrous.

Possible suspects known to have that trait were listed in the same wise that the detectives of another day listed the Southerners accustomed to visit New York. Owing to a left-handed tendency and to recent presence in New York, the name of Charles Dryden was put on that roll, near the top of it from the first. There was no evidence against him. Nor apparently had he disappeared, for while he was not about town, his wife, who was living in a New England city, said he would be home in a few days should anyone want to question him.

NEITHER from picture nor description was the late Newark manager able to certainly identify Dryden as his employer. The investigators, for their part, were puzzled, if Dryden was indeed the forger, by the bearing of sober worth which the manager said was the characteristic of the executive director. They did not consider that Dryden could carry off so sedate a rôle. He had once been a sign painter, had scrambled out of the working ranks, and generally wore pretentious clothes. The manager summed his feelings up by saying that, anyway, his brief associate acted like a man whose early roughness had been well rubbed off by contact with the world. That was better. The director could be Dryden.

They went seriously after him. His wife was watched and trailed. He did not come to her and she did not lead them to him. For awhile the only sure thing about the crime was that the money was gone, and that the surety companies, having reimbursed the losers, had the task of retribution in their keeping. The investigators were given the spur. On the theory that someone familiar with the inside of the office helped to steal the blank checks, everybody thereabouts was examined—and promptly cleared. One of those questioned was an elevator man, who gave a good account of himself. When he quit his job a little afterwards, it was thought advisable to send for him and ask the reason. He had skipped out. As he was a fat man, a familiar figure along the middle reaches of Broadway, his submergence of himself was regarded as quite a feat.

Now two persons, who might reasonably be regarded as knowing much about the looting, were gone. They were ahead of pursuit and might be anywhere in the land. Observe how small mistakes ensnared them, how both, in fact, played the game of catching themselves.

The fat man was so much a New Yorker that he could not tear himself away from the city. Nor, with money in his pocket, could he refrain from spending it on his girl. Otherwise he acted cunningly, for he only moved down to lower Fifth Avenue and took quarters in one of the high-class apartment houses. No

one thought of looking for the ex-elevator man amid so much expensive respectability.

His girl companion was dazzled by the mechanized abode. The icemaker delighted her most of all. Water poured into the molds of a sliding tray emerged as ice-cubes of just the right size to be dropped into highball glasses. This was a marvel not to be kept a secret. She made a special trip up Broadway to tell her girl chum about it. The pair had been fellow ushers in a theater. The one who listened had to pass the news of good fortune along. So it came to the ears of an employee of the Capitol Theater, who remembered that the ice-cube girl had once worked there and had been admired by the elevator man.

It happened logically, therefore, that unsympathetic policemen and still colder hearted surety agents laid heavy hands on the proud householders and separated them from their luxuries and each other. The girl had not known where the money came from. The fat man sweated and confessed what he knew, the quicker because he had been promised a larger share of the stolen money than he had received. His part had been to steal an office key, locate the desk where the check-form book was kept and stand guard while Dryden entered and took the blank checks.

So Dryden was the forger, and the evidential witness against him locked up. And Dryden was as much at liberty as ever.

The Colonel, who might have been his pattern, had unluckily risked a visit to a sick nephew. Dryden ventured a call on his invalid father in a San Francisco hospital. He was not arrested, for the relationship had not then been learned. The discovery, however, narrowed the hunting area. Explicit warnings went to all Coast police.

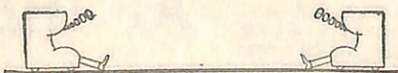
Dryden went through the meshes of the drag-net again and again without being recognized, San Francisco to Los Angeles, then to San Diego, convenient to the race-track across the Mexican border. It can be said that he was not taken as a person. His over-size trunk, built for his many suits of clothes, was captured rather than he, who merely joined the trunk.

The tracers had followed the trunk a long way, from Springfield, Massachusetts, where it had been packed by a loyal wife; to Newark, New Jersey, where it went to a temporary hide-out and then was whisked from taxi to taxi until shipped westward from a remote suburban station; to San Francisco, where it went out of view.

EVERY policeman from Seattle to the Mexican border knew its dimensions and watched for its reappearance. A patrolman walking his beat in San Diego saw a large trunk standing on the porch of a boarding-house. He asked the landlady if she had a new guest. She said the trunk had just been delivered by private automobile for a racing man who had been there a week. The policeman waited in the living-room until the boarder returned, and arrested him. He was Dryden.

He had spent liberally, but had only dented the fortune he had seized. Presumably he made considerable restitution, for, on conviction, he received the moderate prison sentence of six years, which he shortened by good behavior. His term has been served.

Colonel Monroe Edwards, after harvesting the cash at Baltimore, fled no further than Philadelphia. Dryden, after getting his money at Newark, ran the width of the continent. The Colonel used no dummies, depending only on himself. Dryden used lay figures and handled them awkwardly. He was taken in three weeks, the Colonel not for several months. The final difference of odds against a modern criminal for whom any real hunt is made is in a mathematical ratio to the speed and thoroughness of the scattering of the information about him and his offense.





## The Show Goes On

(Continued from page 20)

anybody go under the sidewalls, and saw no one running away after it happened."

"I was afraid they wouldn't," answered Calvert cryptically. In this long hour of suffering, a panorama of queer coincidences had passed before him: the theft of his horses, the attempt to wreck that bridge, and now this attack. But he only added: "It was so dark outside. Not much chance to see anybody."

"Grandma" Sours called from the entrance. A buggy had just driven up, drawn by a casual, bony horse. The town doctor alighted, pattering at length for his instrument case. Then he entered and bent to look at the wound.

"Humph!" he said at last. "Almost cut the tendon of Achilles."

Bob Calvert shuddered. The tendon of Achilles, controlling the motions of the leg, particularly the foot, is the most guarded portion of a performer's body. If that slashing blow had succeeded, he would not have ridden again.

The doctor ordered warm water and went silently to work. The sidewall ruffled again to reveal Mother Meade. She was in a different mood now. Bob Calvert had never seen her this way before, square-jawed, narrow-eyed. Silently she entered, and as silently looked down upon the stricken man. A half hour passed. She said nothing. At last the suturing and bandaging finished, the doctor straightened.

"Ten dollars," he said abruptly. "You'll be able to use that leg fairly well in a couple of weeks."

Calvert rolled his head toward Ortie.

"You'll find some money in my trousers pocket," he said. "You know where I hung them?"

But as the groom turned, Mother Meade stretched an arm, halting him.

"I'm paying this," she said curtly.

Calvert voiced an objection.

"I said I was paying this." She reached into her skirt pocket for her purse. Again Calvert sought to intervene—Connie hastily touched his lips for silence. Slowly the old woman counted out the money into the doctor's outstretched hand. Then she said: "And you can tell your people that when Meade's Great Western Circus comes back to this town, we'll be ready for anybody with knives."

"I don't quite understand you, lady," the doctor said. Nor did he wait for an explanation. Grim-featured, Mother Meade looked down on the injured rider.

"Don't you worry!" she said curtly. "Nobody can hurt anybody who belongs to my circus and think I'll forget it."

With that, the old woman stalked away, leaving Calvert staring after her. Connie sat silent, her hands clasped in her lap.

"Did she mean I could stay?" the rider asked.

"Yes."

"I was hoping you'd be glad."

The girl whirled.

"Oh, it's the everlasting curse of this thing!"

she exclaimed. "Now it had to happen to you. Why should they want to persecute us? All in the world we're trying to do is to make a living!" Suddenly she veered. "The idea of me talking that way! I usually manage to hold up my chin!"

He looked at her silhouette.

"You've got your chin up now, Connie. Keep it that way."

"I will," she smiled at him. "It just took the spirit out of me for awhile. You've been so good to us."

"What of it? I've been hurt before. Look here, I'll find a way to hobble around soon. We can't waste time on your work."

"My work?"

"And plenty of it. Every morning before the show and every afternoon between performances. It takes work to be a good rider."

The girl lowered her head. Her fingers twined.

"I'll try to be a good student," she said quietly. Then she rose as Mother Meade called from beyond the sidewall.

"Constance! It's time for you to go to bed. Where's 'Grandma' Sours—we can't let this young man be alone tonight."

Calvert blinked with attention. There seemed to be a new note in the old woman's voice, almost of tenderness.

"Thanks, Mother Meade," he called to her. "I'll get along all right. If you'll just tell Ortie to help load me on top of the canvas wagon in the morning."

"He'll do nothing of the kind," the woman snapped. "You'll be guarded and you'll ride in my buggy."

At dawn Mother Meade's buggy waited outside. With Ortie on one side and "Grandma" on the other, the rider struggled to the seat. After a time, Mother Meade arrived, her arms full of blankets which she, in a half-grim, half-tender manner, stuffed under his injured leg, to form a support for it.

They moved slowly ahead, while behind them, the remainder of the little show was packed and placed in its decrepit wagons. For a long time there was silence. Mother Meade only bent over the reins, staring ahead. After a time she began to talk.

It was about her boy, and her whole manner had changed.

"He had hair like yours," she said. A softness had come into her voice. "Brown eyes, too. He'd have been a great rider if he had lived. I watched you yesterday—even when you were hurt, I could see that you had the timing of a wonderful equestrian. Dick, my boy, had that. He knew just when to pick up his horse."

Calvert interposed a leading question. It was good to find this strange woman in a friendly mood. They talked for hours. But it was wholly about her dead boy. On all else, Mother Meade was mute.

THE sun rose. Slowly the fourteen and a half miles from North Bend to the little town of Schuyler, were encompassed. They stopped, to await the remainder of the circus: Mother Meade whirled angrily:

"Where's my show?" she railed, her old mood returned. "If I'm not there to look after everything, the whole day just goes to pieces."

But the day did not go to pieces. A moment more and the bulk of old Queen Bess showed over a slight rise in the distance. Soon the circus was making its parade-like entry to the little town. At last the tents were pitched. Calvert lay in the shade of the marquee, Ortie beside him.

"Of course," the groom was saying, "I know this ain't any time to speak about it. But when you get a little better, I wish you'd tell me how I can make a great actress out of Ettabelle. She's sure pestering me."

"Oh, we'll fix that."

"I sure wish you would," wailed Ortie, and rising, ducked under the sidewall. Minutes passed. Calvert heard Connie's voice, and that of a man. Then he was aware of the presence of the pair.

A young-appearing fellow was with the girl, apparently not more than twenty-five. He was almost overdressed. His boots were expensively turned. He wore broadcloth, and a silk hat. His vest was of doe-skin.

Calvert noticed all this, but he noticed other things more. His eyes went to the blue-blackness of the smoothly brushed hair, the well-curved eyebrows, shadowing equally dark eyes, burning above cheeks of light olive. Connie's companion was handsome. There was not a flaw about him. He bowed, and extended a hand to help the girl over a guy rope. Calvert's eyes narrowed. Then, as they approached, the equestrian pulled himself

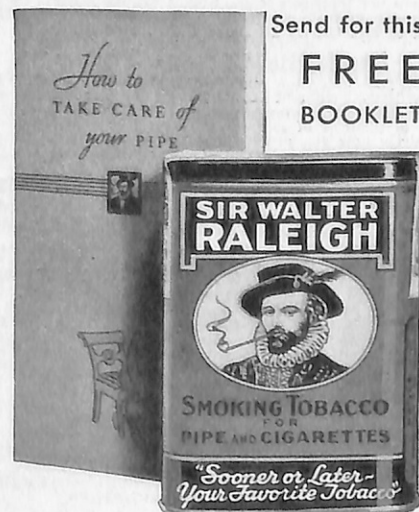
(Continued on page 44)



WHEN you smoke a foul, reeking pipe, you may think you're getting away with it with your hostess. But you can't fool a bird.

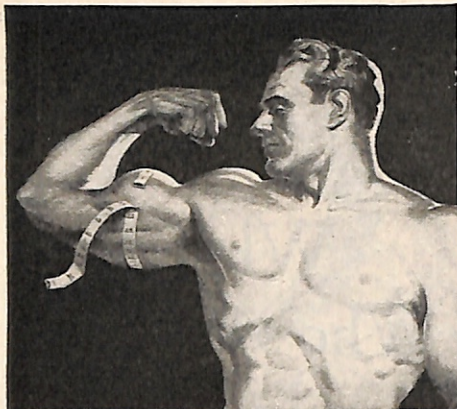
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(Continued from page 43)

upward, standing one-footed, and supporting himself with a hand on a ridge-pole. The girl objected.

"You shouldn't have done that!" she exclaimed. Then, somewhat fussed, she turned to her escort.

"Leonard, I want you to meet Bob Calvert. Our new rider, you know. This is my cousin, Leonard Purcell."

The immaculate Purcell extended a hand, a gesture of proud listlessness.

"Too bad about your accident yesterday," he said smoothly. Calvert did not answer directly. He shook hands with the man. Then:

"Haven't we met before?" he asked, casually incisive. "Out West here, somewhere? Possibly at Deadwood?"

### CHAPTER VIII

**B**EFORE Leonard could speak, Connie had answered for him.

"Oh, it couldn't have been. This is Leonard's first trip into the West."

It shook Calvert's plans. He had expected a denial from Purcell, but not from the girl. Then Purcell asked quickly:

"Was there a striking resemblance?"

"Yes."

Connie Meade looked swiftly toward her foster cousin. The look was returned. Purcell, as if in obedience to a spoken command, put forth his right hand.

"Now is there as much resemblance?" Connie asked. The equestrian felt suddenly cheap and ill-at-ease.

"No, there isn't," he agreed, with some mystification.

Again Connie and Purcell looked at each other. They seemed oppressed. Purcell said:

"I wonder if you would trust us sufficiently to answer some questions?"

"Mind if I sit down?" Calvert asked. This had shaken his confidence considerably. He knew now that this was the man he had seen on the circus lot in Iowa, but it was not the man he wanted. At last, on the ground, with the two other beside him, Calvert answered:

"Of course. But what's it all about?"

"Were you looking for a man with a heavy, brown-red birthmark beginning about halfway down the fingers of his right hand and extending beyond his wrist?"

Calvert stared.

"Why, yes, I was."

Connie pressed her lips.

"You see, Leonard!" she exclaimed. Then she said to Calvert: "It's Leonard's brother, Jason. We've been searching for him ever since early last fall."

Again Calvert's eyes expressed amazement. Purcell interjected bitterly:

"Would you mind telling us what happened to you? Oh, don't disguise anything!" he exclaimed.

"Jason stole \$5,000 from Mother," the girl interposed. Bob Calvert rubbed a hand over his eyes. At last, he managed to say:

"My complaint is a little more serious."

"You see," the girl continued. "Jason's name is kept quiet around the show. Mother simply raves at the sound of it. She was terribly ill, mentally, when it happened. Jason told her that Mullins and Hart had sent him to her with bills of Dad's, amounting to \$5,000. They must be paid at once, he said. She gave him the money. The bills were all falsified. The real ones came almost in the next mail. They didn't amount to \$300. Jason was gone by then."

Purcell began to scratch the ground with a stick.

"I found out that he'd gone South. So I followed. I made my headquarters at Atlanta, where Flatiron was keeping Queen Bess—" He smiled wryly. "But it seems that while I was looking in the South, I should have been in the West."

Calvert had been studying the man.

"I must say you seem about the same age of the man I met in Deadwood. Except that the other man appeared dissipated."

"Oh, he is," Connie answered. "And Leonard is older—a little more than a year."

"Fourteen months," Purcell supplied.

"I've thought all along he was the one who was following us," Connie said. "Still I can't think he'd be vindictive enough—"

"To want to wreck this show?" Purcell asked. "Why not? He certainly had a good idea that Aunt Laura would cut him out of her will after what he did to her!"

Calvert asked:

"Then Mrs. Meade's poverty isn't actual?"

"I wish I knew," the foster cousin answered.

"We haven't any idea of whether she's penniless, or rich. But Jason thinks she retains her interest in the Mullins and Hart Circus."

"Does she?"

The man smiled.

"To-day, she'll probably tell me she hasn't a cent, when I know that the show did good business yesterday. The next time I come back, she'll dilate on the big interest she has in the Mullins and Hart Show and how I'm going to be a rich man some day. We all know she gets letters from Mullins and Hart, but what they contain, we have no idea. She's evidently given some kind of orders there. Connie wrote them for information. The letter was not answered." He straightened. "Would it be impolite to ask exactly what happened in Deadwood?"

Calvert hesitated. His instinctive dislike for the man had not disappeared. He felt chagrined in holding animus against a person because he was the innocent relative of another who had sought to injure him—yet that was the only palpable reason which presented itself. At last he said abruptly:

"He tried to kill me."

"Kill you?" Connie touched his arm.

"Bob—how, why?"

"I'd seen him around Deadwood for about three weeks—I had heard he was a crooked card player. One day I happened to stroll into a gambling hall with the Sheriff. We saw this fellow playing against a drunken miner, and moved closer to watch. I saw an ace go up the gambler's sleeve and jumped forward with the Sheriff to catch his arm. But he sprang up, kicked his chair forward to trip us and ran for the back of the hall. He drew his gun. Everybody backed away. Then he aimed straight at me, shot, jumped through a window and got away."

"The coward!" snapped Connie. Purcell rubbed his hands.

"Jason's mind works that way. Is that what caused the scar on your forehead?"

Calvert nodded.

"Thickheaded, I guess," he said with a grin. "The bullet didn't penetrate; only cracked my skull. I've been looking for that fellow ever since." He looked at Connie. "I told you I had a selfish motive. This was it. I thought I'd seen this Jason one day on the circus lot."

"You saw me probably," Purcell suggested.

"I must have." Then Calvert looked down at his bandaged leg. "But I've got a notion he isn't far away."

"Well, he won't try anything like that again," the girl said spiritedly. "We'll have a guard after this."

Purcell agreed, and a moment later, grudgingly answered a call from Mother Meade at the combined treasury and property wagon. Calvert and Connie were alone.

"At least you've done that much for us, Bob," the girl said. "We know who's trailing us."

Calvert nodded, and realized with some chagrin that instead of trailing an enemy, that enemy had been trailing him.

"A vindictive sort, isn't he?" he said at last.

"He was always that way," the girl shrugged her shoulders. "Queer, that one should be so bold and the other so conservative. But then Leonard was tied to his mother's apron-strings



until she died about two years ago. He doesn't even smoke or take a glass of beer."

The rider regarded her quizzically.

"Leonard means a great deal to you, doesn't he, Connie?"

The girl reddened, and pretended not to hear. She arose quickly, covering her embarrassment with a nervous laugh.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "The whole morning's gone and I haven't even mended a stitch on my wardrobe."

Calvert watched her hurry away, then turned his attention to the wagon into which Purcell had gone. Lunch time arrived; Etta-belle, the knife-thrower, brought food from the camp-fire. Another hour passed; the door of the treasury wagon did not open. Finally, when the hurdy-gurdy was wheezing and the afternoon crowd straggling into the big top, Leonard Purcell came forth and assisted Mother Meade to the ground. They passed Calvert, lying on the leaping tick. The old woman seemed excited. Her eyes glistened. She looked at the injured man and laughed eerily.

"You'd better get well!" she exclaimed. "We're all going to make a million!"

Then with an arm about her nephew's shoulder, she disappeared around the big top. Bob did not see the man again until the show was nearly ended.

With Ortie Whipple as a support, and a pair of homemade crutches, Bob Calvert had hobbled into the big top and taken a seat on a low plank. Under the tiers a workman paced, with a heavy revolver in an unconcealed holster—Connie's guard.

THE wounded rider had watched the performance with eagerness, the leaps, the bantering of Mother Meade and "Grandma" Sours, the various entries and exits of the Five Strattons, now with a balancing act, now with juggling, again with a spurt of tumbling. He had listened patiently to the gasps and applause with which Ortie Whipple had greeted the knife-throwing of Lalita, his wife, in which she had twirled blade after blade at a painted target. With every act, Calvert had seen a chance for improvement. At last Connie came into the ring to the announcement of her foster-mother. Bob turned with the knowledge of someone beside him. It was Purcell, seating himself.

"Connie tells me you're going to give her riding lessons."

"If there's no objection," the rider answered quietly. "Given a chance, that girl can be one of the greatest feminine riders in the country."

"I believe you," Purcell answered seriously. He reached for his heavy, gold-chained watch. "I must be getting started soon. Would you mind if I asked you a question—you're experienced in trouping, especially here in the West. Do you think it possible to take this show through to California?"

"No. The equipment's too heavy. West of North Platte City you should use light wagons and mustangs. It's sandy, hot country—to say nothing of alkali. Of course, the show might be able to get through—but it would be in terrible shape. If this circus is going to make money, it has to save every cent it can until it gets to North Platte, and then load on the Union Pacific and go by rail to Denver. From there, it has a hundred mining camps to play. It might get rich there—that's almost virgin country."

Purcell leaned excitedly forward.

"That's the thing to do!" he exclaimed. "I'm going to take it up with Mother Meade. That ought to be our salvation!"

"Nice fellow," said Ortie after Purcell had left.

"Seems so. That makes it more difficult."

"What?"

Calvert did not answer. He only smiled vaguely and again turned his attention to the girl in the ring.

(Continued on page 46)

# Are You a Man Who Has To Be Shown?

... Then SEE What These Men Are Doing With  
La Salle Training TODAY



1  
Wm. J. Carter, successful C. P. A. of Atlanta, Ga. "To LaSalle training goes most of the credit."



2  
Leslie L. Guild, Boston, Mass., who made depression a stepping stone to bigger responsibilities and larger success.



3  
Arthur Griffin, Freight Traffic Examiner, Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C.



4  
H. F. Lofquist, salesman, Elliott-Fisher Accounting Machines, Seattle, Wash. "Every day I am using the knowledge gained from my LaSalle training. My income is 250% greater than when I enrolled."



5  
William Siefert of Cleveland, Ohio, was over 50, but doing office work at \$18.70 a week. Within one year after starting training, his pay increased 80%. Within seven years, he became Chief Deputy of his department with a salary over 400% greater. "I am only sorry I did not know about LaSalle 25 years ago."



6  
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☐ Correspondence  
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☐ Chain Store Management

Name ..... Age .....

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Guild's rise—like hundreds of others we could name—is definite evidence that the trained man wins. Neither hard times nor tough breaks can hold him back.

## Promoted to Partnership During Depression

His name is William J. Carter and the depression was only one of his handicaps.

At sixteen he left school; at eighteen he was broke—and married. He enrolled with LaSalle for Higher Accounting—and before he finished the course obtained a position with the Atlanta office of Mount & Clapp, an outstanding firm of Public Accountants. In 1929 he was made Resident Manager. On September 1, 1930—right in the depression—the firm became Mount, Clapp & Carter. And in June, 1932, Mr. Carter was elected President of the Georgia Society of Certified Public Accountants. "To LaSalle training goes most of the credit," Mr. Carter generously writes us.

He says further—and every word is opportunity beckoning to you—"The greatest need of American business today is the proper use of trained, analytical and constructive men. Thanks to LaSalle for their practical and interesting training available to everyone who will reach out and seize it."

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The only condition of this guaranty is that the reader shall always state the advertisement was seen in

**THE ELKS MAGAZINE**

See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 27

(Continued from page 45)

The day had been rather disconcerting. Bob Calvert knew that the proper course would have been to trail this show, not make himself a part of it. But he had gone too far now.

It made him uneasy. Fretful with inactivity, and the tangle of problems on his brain, the equestrian hobbled just before dusk through the empty big top on his home-made crutches. At last he paused. Queen Bess, the elephant, stood alone. Suddenly the canvas sidewall rose, and Flatiron swung under, his features no longer unexpressive. He was white with anger. He kicked a tent-stake, apparently insensible to the pain it caused. Then he whirled to his elephant.

The man put his arms around the aged beast's trunk, and patted it, talking to her, as he would talk to a child.

"Nobody's going to hurt you, old girl," he said. "Nobody's going to hurt you."

Then an oath ripped from his lips, and he whirled, staring at nothing. He reached for his bull-hook and stood for a moment, pointing the flat side of its metal head into an open palm. His concentration made him oblivious to Calvert's slow approach.

"Anything wrong, Flatiron?" the rider asked.

The man glowered.

"What could be wrong?" he grunted, and turning his back, began to fork old Bess her evening hay.

(To be continued)

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 29)

### 12 North Central States

North Dakota.....	680	6.5
South Dakota.....	692	7.9
Nebraska.....	1,377	4.2
Kansas.....	1,880	3.9
Minnesota.....	2,563	3.0
Iowa.....	2,470	5.4
Missouri.....	3,629	1.8
Illinois.....	7,630	3.6
Indiana.....	3,238	6.1
Wisconsin.....	2,939	4.5
Michigan.....	4,842	4.5
Ohio.....	6,646	5.3

Percentage of Population.....31 4/10%  
Percentage of Elk Membership.....26%

### 14 Southern States

Alabama.....	2,646	0.5
Arkansas.....	1,854	0.8
Florida.....	1,468	5.0
Georgia.....	2,908	0.9
Kentucky.....	2,614	1.9
Louisiana.....	2,101	1.7
Mississippi.....	2,009	1.0
North Carolina.....	3,170	0.6
Oklahoma.....	2,396	1.5
South Carolina.....	1,738	0.9
Tennessee.....	2,616	1.8
Texas.....	5,824	1.6
Virginia.....	2,421	3.3
West Virginia.....	1,729	4.3

35,501 1.7

### 14 Southern States

Percentage of Population.....29%  
Percentage of Elk Membership.....10%

### 11 Eastern States

Connecticut.....	1,606	10.9
Maine.....	797	4.4
Maryland, D. C. & Delaware.....	2,355	2.9
Massachusetts.....	4,249	8.8
New Hampshire.....	465	10.0
New Jersey.....	4,041	12.0
New York.....	12,588	7.1
Pennsylvania.....	9,631	5.2
Rhode Island.....	687	7.8
Vermont.....	359	6.9

36,778 7.0

### 11 Eastern States

Percentage of Population.....30%  
Percentage of Elk Membership.....42%

### Recapitulation

	Per cent. of Pop.	Per cent. of Elks
11 Western States.....	9 7/10	22
12 North Central States.....	31 4/10	26
14 Southern States.....	29	10
11 Eastern States.....	30	42
	100	100

## His Hobby Is Speed

(Continued from page 11)

to the beach so close to the course that Campbell protested that it was highly dangerous, that with cars going at high speed they were liable to blow tires, get out of control and act up generally.

The trials began. Just as Campbell's car got into the measured mile, opposite a dense section of spectators, both his back tires flew off. He wrestled with the steering wheel, as his car hurtled ahead on the rims, with the tires rolling on ahead of the car. He finally brought the car to a stop without damage to any one.

Fitting another set of tires he tried again. This time one of the front tires let go, tore into the crowd, killed a boy, bounded over the heads of scores of people, went through the timing box without injuring any of the officials and came to a stop a mile farther on.

This stopped record-making and Campbell went back to England without any especial marks of distinction. Two months later he took the same car to Pendine Beach, on the coast of Wales. At that time Pendine was the only stretch of sand in England suitable at all for records. With speeds where they are at present, this beach is not now suitable.

The weather was poor, the sand wet and bumpy. Ill-luck still dogged him. He went out in a rain. The officials stood around in slickers and with umbrellas held over them. To make the record the course must be driven both ways and the average of the two runs taken. Driving his car down to one end of the course, Campbell came roaring back, with the visibility exceptionally poor. In spite of this and the poor conditions of the beach, he came away from Pendine with a mark of 146 miles an hour. The English called it a world's record, but in reality it was not, since the American record then stood at 156.04 miles an hour. The reason the American mark was not recognized as a world's mark was because the American Automobile Association, under whose auspices it was made, at that time had no working agreement with the international body. (In 1927 such an agreement was reached and all American records were from thence onward acknowledged as world's records.)

Campbell knew that Milton had made the above record in America, and he realized that speeds would continue to mount. Thus in the fall of 1925 he began the building of the now



world-famous Blue Bird, a car which has been used for record-making ever since its completion in the spring of 1928. Campbell will use the same chassis again this year.

Meanwhile, in the fall of 1925, Campbell took his Sunbeam back to the Pendine sands, and with ideal weather and beach conditions achieved a speed of 150.6 miles an hour. Today he still lives, with a mark more than 100 miles an hour faster, made seven years later.

Record-making had been going on at Daytona Beach for a quarter of a century. First it was the New York millionaires who made a playground of the beach with their foreign-built cars. Gradually the speed mounted beyond the playboys and the professional driver came on the scene. After Milton's mark of 156.04 miles an hour, made in 1919 in a sixteen-cylinder Duesenberg, the wonder sands of Daytona Beach lay quiescent for a period of years.

Once more the record scene shifted back to England, where Parry-Thomas set the mark for the mile up to 169 miles an hour. Campbell had built his new Blue Bird for a potential speed of 180 miles an hour. He took it to Pendine in January of 1927. Beach records can be made only at low tide. Pendine sands are famous for their moisture. One day, in spite of wind and rain, Campbell managed to get his Blue Bird going for an instant at 180 miles an hour. Bad luck caught up with him again. A rear tire let go, and though Campbell kept control of his car he missed beating Parry-Thomas's record.

Day after day as the tide turned Campbell and his helpers would rush down along the water's edge in small cars and set out flags to mark the course. To rid the beach of some of its water he had furrows cut, one on the sea side and one on the land side, on the day he finally decided it was now or never for a new record. With the wet sand and the water flying in a huge rooster tail behind the car, Campbell drove his thundering steed down the course for a new world's record of 174.95 miles an hour—the fastest any human being ever had been on wheels.

The curtain rose once more on Daytona Beach. Major Segrave, a fellow-countryman of Campbell's, eclipsed the latter's mark with a record of 203.79 miles an hour in his giant two-engined Sunbeam. This was on March 29, 1927.

**I**MEDIATELY Campbell set about to improve the Blue Bird to get the record back again. He installed a new Napier-Lion engine in his old chassis. All the summer of 1927 was spent in redesigning the Blue Bird and in rebuilding it. Campbell appeared at Daytona Beach in February of 1928 without ever having tried his car out, because there was no place in England where a car could be driven 200 miles an hour. But he had faith in his design and in his speed calculations.

He found at Daytona Beach the youthful American Frank Lockhart with his Stutz Black Hawk, and Ray Keech, also an American, with his huge three-engined White Triplex, both after a record. On February 19, Campbell's car, looking like nothing so much as a shoe from a front view, roared southward over the measured mile at 214.7 miles an hour. Just as he finished the mile his car got a bit too far up on the sand and hit a ridge. Campbell was catapulted halfway out of his seat, his goggles flew off and his car turned broadside. The driver hung on and by great good luck, as he afterward expressed it, he regained control and the car proceeded on down the course.

The terrific strain of going through such an experience would have been enough for the average man. He would have postponed further attempts to recover his nerve. Not so Campbell. He turned the Blue Bird around at the south end of the course and in the face of a wind that cut down his speed came northward at 199.9 miles an hour. The average for the two runs was 206.95 miles an hour—a new world's record.

Ray Keech raised the record to 207.55 on

April 22 of that same year, and gallant young Lockhart went west on April 25, trying to equal it, when his Black Hawk became unmanageable and turned over.

Once more Campbell was right back where he started—the world's record was still his to seek!

In his search for a place that he thought would be better than Daytona Beach, Campbell was told of a spot in the Sahara desert. It was said to be as smooth as glass, hard, and not being at the mercy of tides could be used at any and all times of the day. The location was northwest of Timbuctoo in an area controlled more or less by the French Foreign Legion. Sir Malcolm decided to fly there for an inspection. He bought a Gypsy Moth and with Flight Lieutenant Don (no connection with Kaye Don, of speedboat fame), an old war-time friend, hopped off from Croydon on November 3, 1928. They didn't go in style. Don took nothing but a toothbrush and a spare pair of flannel trousers. Campbell was a bit more pretentious. He carried an extra shirt, a razor, a camera, two clean collars and a suit of silk pajamas.

**T**HEY visited several likely spots by plane. Finally they looked at an immense area of hard black sand miles in length. This was near Ain Sefra, though such names convey no meaning to me. Walking over the course they found it to be ideal, but for one thing, a thing so vital that it nullified all other good points. They were confronted on all hands by mirages of streams and lakes and mountains and whatnot. Obviously, Campbell said in explaining why they did not consider the place seriously, one could not drive 200 miles an hour feeling all the time he was running into the sea or over a precipice. The spot was 200 miles from a railroad and two mountain ranges would have had to be crossed. But even that would not have discouraged Campbell had the mirages been absent.

They turned the nose of the Gypsy Moth plane toward the Mediterranean, bound for home. They reached the Atlas mountains and, when nearing the coast, the engine began to sputter. They were in an inhospitable part of Africa, frequented by savage tribes. By skilful piloting, Don, who was at the stick, got over the foothills and dropped down to the seashore. With flying speed lost the pilot managed to miss a score of boulders half as big as houses and landed in shallow water. They managed to save the plane by dragging it ashore. There a band of fifty-odd tribesmen awaited them!

Campbell tried to indicate with French and a lot of hand waving that they wished to be taken to Tetuan, the nearest coast town about seventy-five miles away. The Rifis indicated that the two Englishmen were to follow them. After miles of walking along the beach they came to a small native village where they were conducted to a two-storied mud hut, where the boss man of the place lived. After spending the night there the two were away with a guide in the direction they wished to go.

After a tramp of several hours they arrived at their destination. They returned to England, disappointed that they had not found a new speed course. That would have given the cure to a good many, but not to Campbell.

A few weeks after his return to England, he had a cable from the South African Cape Times, saying that there was an immense dried-up lake, Verneuk Pan, 450 miles up country from Cape Town. Ordinary sports cars had been driven seventy-five miles an hour over its surface, and it was considered by experts as an ideal spot for a world's record. It was roughly twenty miles long and ten wide. Verneuk is a Dutch or African word meaning cheat or humbug.

Major Segrave had also been informed of the availability of the Pan, and it did look for a time as though both Segrave and Campbell might be going to the same spot. Segrave, however, finally decided on Daytona Beach

(Continued on page 48)

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See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 27



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for his 1929 attempt. Campbell sent a man out to look Verneuk Pan over and he came back with a favorable report. After weighing various matters, not the least of which was the promotion of British goods in Africa, Campbell decided on the Pan.

Campbell sailed for South Africa two weeks before Segrave left for Daytona Beach, both intent on breaking the 207.55 miles an hour of Ray Keech. When Campbell arrived at the Pan, he looked the place over and then said with characteristic Scotch dourness: "I am afraid this place is a complete washout. Let's have some breakfast."

The enthusiastic motorists of South Africa, according to Campbell, had failed to notice a vital error in the surface of the dry lake bed. What had seemed to be tiny ridges thrown up by the action of the water in reality were outcroppings of shale which would ruin a world's record run in a hurry by damaging the tires.

THE provincial road engineer for the North West Cape District was called on the job. He decided that the only thing left to do was to remove the whole of the top surface of the track for a length of ten miles and a width of fifty feet, and make a new surface! The steam-rollers and the wagons and the graders and the labor had to be brought from a distance of a hundred miles and stationed on the Pan. Even the water for saturating the new course had to be brought for five miles in a string of trucks. It was a tremendous undertaking, but the citizens of the territory had put their shoulders to the wheel.

Sir Malcolm, though he was not Sir Malcolm then, went up in a local airplane to look over the course from the air. That is, he started up, his engine quit and he went into a nose dive, finishing up with his own nose practically severed. He wired to Cape Town for his own Moth, it came and with head swathed in bandages, he went up again.

Ten days later the first rain in five years deluged the Pan. Tents were blown down and the whole area became a sea of mud, with trucks and other vehicles bogging down in it. Three days of hot sun dried the mess up afterward, but the work had all to be done over again.

Meanwhile Campbell had gone off to Cape Town four hundred miles away, to have his forty-fifth birthday anniversary with his wife. He was called from the table to the telephone to be told by a press agency that: "We thought you should know that Segrave broke the record at Daytona Beach this afternoon—231.36 miles an hour."

"Splendid," Campbell replied, "a very fine performance." He went back to the dining-room. "Segrave has just done it, 231 miles an hour," he told his guests.

Then he dictated a cable to Segrave: "Damn fine show." Campbell did not tell me this, but as I was Segrave's manager, I got the cable.

Campbell had come out to beat a record of 207.55 miles an hour. He now had to beat one of 231.36 miles an hour. It was an impossible job with the car he had and the conditions surrounding the attempt. But he decided to do the best he could. Segrave's mile time was safe, but Campbell had a chance at some of the longer records.

One calm day the Blue Bird once more burst into song. The speed westward was 225 miles an hour; eastward 212 miles an hour, an average of 218.5 miles an hour. That was the best he could hope to do over the measured mile—and it was twelve miles short of Segrave's epic drive. Before Campbell left the Pan, however, he had created two new long-distance records: Five kilometer at 216.04 miles an hour, and five miles at 211.49 miles an hour.

This foray into South Africa must have cost Campbell ten thousand pounds. Once more he returned to England—to set about getting the world's speed record. He spent 1930 in rebuilding the Blue Bird and installing in it a new supercharged Napier-Lion, raising the horsepower from 900 in the 1929 job to 1,450.

Then he embarked for Florida in January of 1931.

On the other side of the world in New Zealand, Norman Smith, with a speed car much like Segrave's Golden Arrow, had announced that he would do a record much in excess of Segrave's world mark.

Campbell arrived at Daytona Beach late in January. On February 5 he set a new world's record of 246.086 miles an hour for the kilometer and 245.736 miles an hour for the mile. Twelve days after he had arrived at Daytona Beach he was on his way back home with the two records. Just a sample of Campbell's thoroughness.

When he got back home he found a knight-hood awaiting him in recognition of his efforts to keep the land speed record in England.

One would think that he had had enough, but before he left America on the *Berengaria*, he said: "Listen, old chap, next year we will put the record a bit higher."

And, so, he appeared at Daytona Beach again in February of 1932, with the old Blue Bird, little changed, same old engine, and everything.

On February 24 the great little Englishman raised the kilometer record to 251.340 miles an hour to eclipse his 1931 record of 246.086. He stepped the mile up from 245.736 miles an hour to 253.968. The five-kilometer distance he put at 241.569 miles an hour, to offset his Verneuk Pan record of 216.04.

Characteristically, Campbell announced two days later that he would make other trials.

On February 26 he took his Blue Bird out on the beach again. He had no luck in raising his kilometer and his mile mark made two days earlier, but he did set up new figures for three other distances.

The five-kilometer mark was raised from the 241.569 of two days earlier to 247.941 miles an hour.

The five-mile mark, which was not clocked on the 24th was set at 242.751, as against his old record of 211.49 at Verneuk Pan.

The ten-kilometer figure was set at 238.669, as against the old record of 152.90 miles an hour, held by Borzacchini. It was a great day's work.

THE speed trials at Daytona Beach are run under sanction of the American Automobile Association.

To make a world's record attempt the car must be driven over the various measured distances in both directions, and the average of the two runs is a record—or not, as the case may be.

Campbell's 1933 Blue Bird is the 1932 car revamped to take its new engine, Rolls-Royce of twelve-cylinder design, with an output of from 2,300 to 2,500 horsepower, as against last year's Napier-Lion's 1,500. This is the same type Rolls used to win the Schneider Cup seaplane race, the same engine that has driven a British seaplane 407 miles an hour. Aside from the engine, the rest of the car will remain practically as it was in 1931 and 1932. It will be approximately twenty-six feet long and weighs four tons. It is driven from the rear wheels only, and has three speeds forward and one reverse.

In low gear it ambles along at from a mere crawl up to 80 or 90 miles an hour. In second it shakes off its lethargy somewhat and gets to going at from 150 to 160 miles an hour, in high gear—well, it breezes along at from 250 miles an hour upward when it is really trying.

To do from 250 to 275 miles an hour over the measured mile, a record-breaking car requires five to six miles to get up speed and the same distance to slow up.

Three hundred miles an hour?

Maybe not this time. But given time and a place, nothing will keep Sir Malcolm from that eventually.

Three hundred miles an hour. Five miles a minute. New York to Los Angeles, or San Francisco, if that be the destination, in a matter of ten hours, provided such speed could be maintained. And on land, too.

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